THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXVII—No. 999

JANUARY 24, 1923

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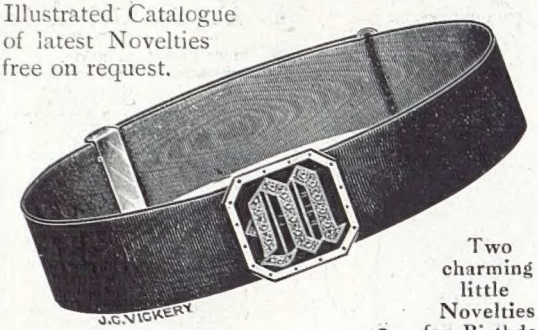
Illustrated Catalogue of latest Novelties free on request.



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So far as can be foreseen at the present there is not likely to be any further reduction in the prices of Rover Cars during the 1923 Season.

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"The Car that set the fashion to the World"

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THE ROVER COMPANY LTD., COVENTRY.
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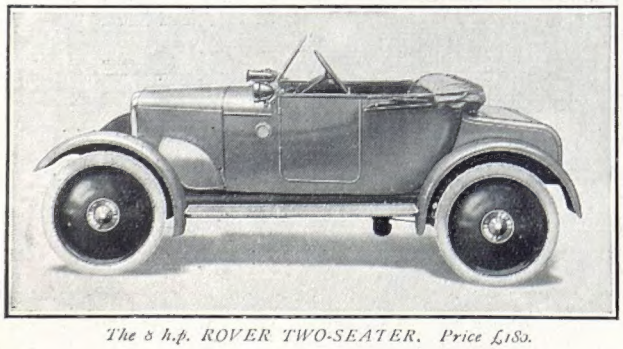

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The Bystander, January 24, 1923 No. 999. Vol. LXXVII.

The BYSTANDER

Drawn by Alan Stern at a special sitting for THE BYSTANDER

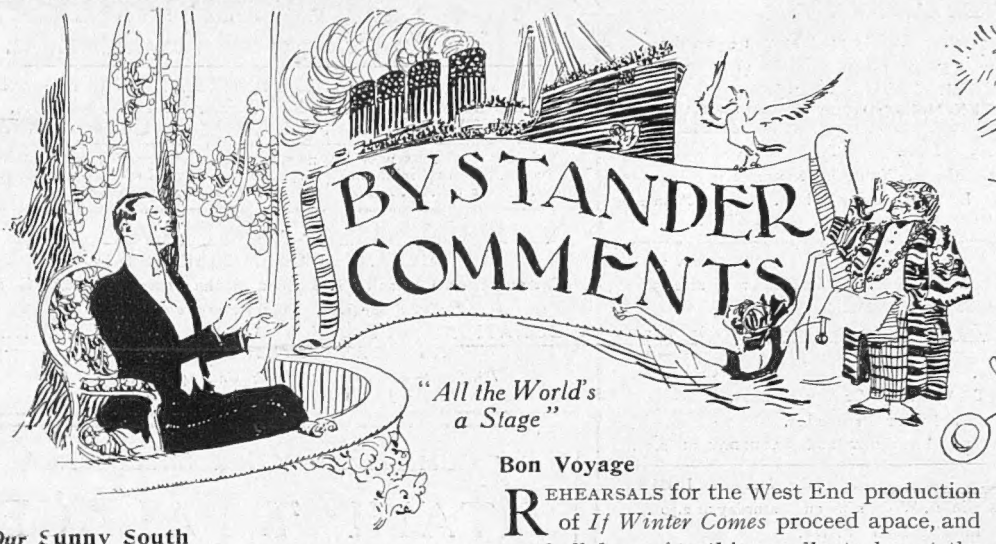
THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE

Who succeeded to her father's earldom which was revived in favour of her grandmother, Anne, Duchess of Sutherland, a direct descendant of a previous Earl of Cromartie, attainted after the rebellion of 1745. Lady Cromartie, in addition to being a Highland Chieftainess, is a novelist of repute

A "Broadcast" Hint

THE CRYSTAL RECEIVER

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS



Our Sunny South

APROPOS my recent remarks anent the English watering-places, one notes with pleasure that others seem likewise to have realised the possibilities of our holiday resorts. In my morning paper I read that scores of people from the United States are crossing the Atlantic to winter on the south coast of England. This is entirely as it should be, and if our new Railway Groups will pull up their socks these visitors will come not as single spies, but in battalions.

Nothing New Under the Moon

SOME of the clever people at Liverpool University have discovered that moonlight will turn starch into sugar. That is ancient history. Years ago, I walked with a girl in the moonlight at Brighton or Bridlington—or was it Blackpool? She was quite starchy at first, but when we had been in the moonlight for half an hour or so she became as sweet as sugar.

O Pray Make No Mistake

The moon whose light
Doth flood the night
With ultra-violet glory,
Affects 'tis plain
The lovesick swain
And prompts the same old story.
So tell the tale
In moonlight pale
Whene'er you chance to meet her,
And you will find
She is more kind
Her kisses are far sweeter!

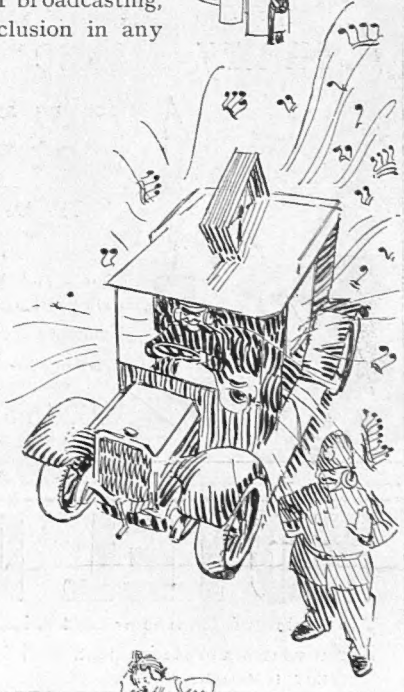
Bon Voyage

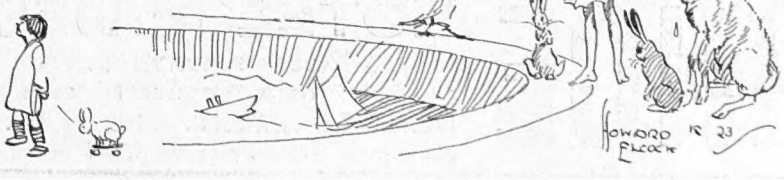
REHEARSALS for the West End production of *If Winter Comes* proceed apace, and we shall be seeing this excellent play at the St. James's Theatre in a week from now. As you know, the dramatic version is by Macdonald Hastings, and, as you should not need reminding, this author has been closely identified with THE BYSTANDER in his journalistic past. Furthermore, Owen Nares, who plays Mark Sabre and Bertie Meyer, who "presents" this powerful combination, are both good fellows of the cheery sort, and so I do not think it would be out of place to wish them *bon voyage* in their enterprise. As Tommy lad was wont to say in those early war days—"Shall us? Let's!"

A Restful Rendezvous

WITH the sure arrival of broadcasting, we are robbed of seclusion in any of its varied forms. Formerly, we would cross the Atlantic in order to cut ourselves adrift from earthly happenings, but the advent of the wireless daily paper has altered all that. Then, again, the taxi-cab proved a refuge in times of stress, but now that listening-in sets are being attached to these jolly little fellows there will be nothing left for it but to visit the National Gallery or go down a mine. Peace

(*Continued on page 183*)





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Leslie Faber, Violet Vanbrugh, and Marie Löhr.

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THE CO-OPTIMISTS.
(6th New Programme).

ST. JAMES'S. (Ger. 3903).
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EDNA BEST. LYN HARDING.

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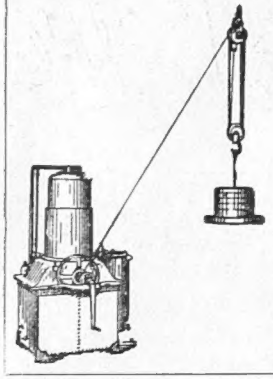
Country House Lighting



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The relief obtained from your first Anturic Bath is immediate and decided. Subsequent baths will dispel any slight return with certainty. No trouble, no travel and the expense is negligible.

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Daily auto service from the Hotel to the Golf Links.
LEADING HOTEL
LARGE GROUNDS.
HENRY EMERY.
General Manager

Made and Printed in Great Britain

and quiet might have been found at the opera, but even that restful rendezvous has fallen a victim to the new craze.

Hare and Hounds

YET another dramatic critic becomes a dramatic author when Sybil Thorndike produces *Advertising April* at the Criterion on Thursday. The management should invite Mr. Farjeon's many victims to say what they think of *his* efforts in the play-mongering business.

Who Stole the Round Pond?

ON Sunday morning I took my usual constitutional in Kensington Gardens along with all the other young people. And, with all the other young people, I was desolated to find that the Round Pond had been stolen in the night, leaving nothing but a big hole with a lot of mud in it. The sea-gulls were the only people who didn't seem to mind, but the rest of us were terribly upset. Never in our memory had all the water run out of the Round Pond, and we couldn't imagine where it had gone to. The lady next to me thought the sheep must have drunk it, but they couldn't surely be as thirsty as all that.

IN "RUHR "ITANIA
The Poilu and his Coal Black Mammy

By H. H. Harris

The Nicest Man in London

MYSELF, I was terrified lest Sir James Barrie should come strolling along one of the Paths that have Made Themselves, to find the Round Pond empty. I don't know if the author of *Peter Pan* comes to the Gardens these days, but it would be a terrible shock to him to think he was going to see the Round Pond and to find nothing but a hole with a lot of mud in it. Fancy not being able to sail a stick-boat, to see no whales spouting, and to know for certain that there were no buried cities at the bottom of the Pond. I must tell the old lady who sells the balloons to look out for him, and keep him talking until they have filled it again, or I am sure he will die of a broken heart, and that would be a pity, because he is the nicest man in London—always excepting the keeper at the Zoo, who lets little boys look at the hippo. after closing time. Who was the bard who wrote of Barrie:

> I never pass his window, but
> I make quite sure that it is shut,
> Because I fear that any day
> He'll spread his wings and fly away
> To join those happy girls and boys
> Who always romp and make a noise;
> Who fall in ponds and wet their clothes,
> And kick their boots out at the toes. . . .

Veterans, Indeed!

THOSE Variety Veterans who are singing their old songs at the Palladium *do* take one back. Curiously enough, there is nothing unduly sentimental about the performance, and the performers refuse to become pathetic in any sense of the word. There is a bite about their work that has survived the years, and I really thought Jake Friedman better than he ever was. It all shows that when you have mastered the technique of your job you remain

master of the job as long as your legs will carry you. Fancy trying to scatter faded rose-leaves on those two irrepressible babes, Arthur Roberts and Charles Bignell! The thing simply couldn't be done, and I should be very sorry for the misguided person who tried the experiment. By the way, I'd like to hear these two join in that very modern duet, "We're not so young as we used to be, but we're not so old as we look." Veterans, indeed!

The Edge of the Pavement

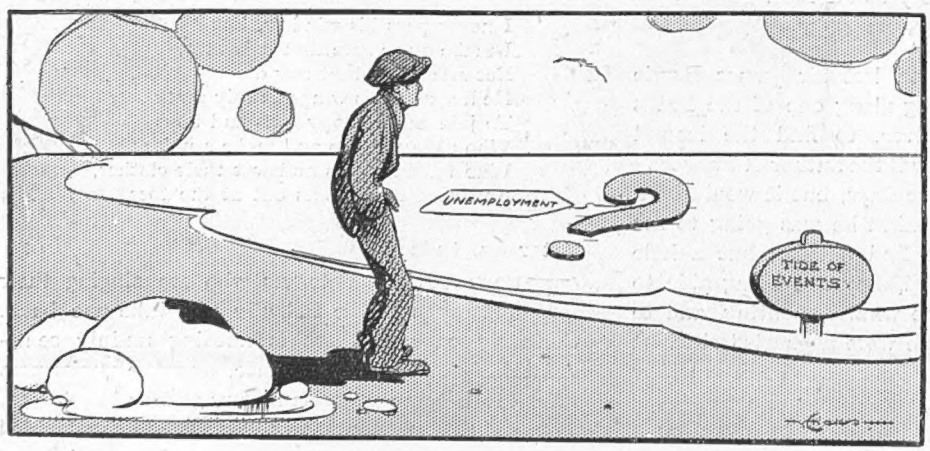
SHARING the programme with the Veterans at the Palladium last week, was another "turn" with a history at the back of it. A few weeks ago, a well-known singer was passing through Piccadilly when he was horrified to find another well-known singer selling matches on the edge of the pavement. It was just another of those post-War tragedies, but, in this case, the Good Samaritan did not pass by on the other side. In company with other Good Samaritans, he started doing things, with the result that Noel Fleming found himself singing at the Palladium, and most distinctly "getting away with it." On the night I went, this man who had come back was singing most appropriately "If Winter Comes":

> If Winter Comes, and all your skies are grey,
> Though gloomy shadows fall across your way,
> Don't sit and dream of the days gone by
> When Life was young and Hope was high.

"I'VE GOT DER BROKERS IN" By Alfred Leete

Courage!

NOW that we are in direct wireless telephonic communication with New York, I suppose we shall have to learn the American language. As a text-book, to assist in this difficult undertaking, I suggest, *Babbitt*, by Professor Sinclair Lewis.



NOT "WASHED OUT" YET By Victor Hicks

Our Mr. Beckett

ALTHOUGH Carpentier has been exonerated by the Committee of Inquiry which sat on his match with Siki, I fancy that our Mr. Beckett will be a raging hot favourite when the time comes for him to fight the French champion. I don't mean that he will necessarily be looked upon as a sure winner, but that popular sentiment will have veered round in his favour. Joe was a *very* rough diamond when he first came into the limelight, and was apt to take offence very easily, but he has mellowed wonderfully under the warm sunshine of success.

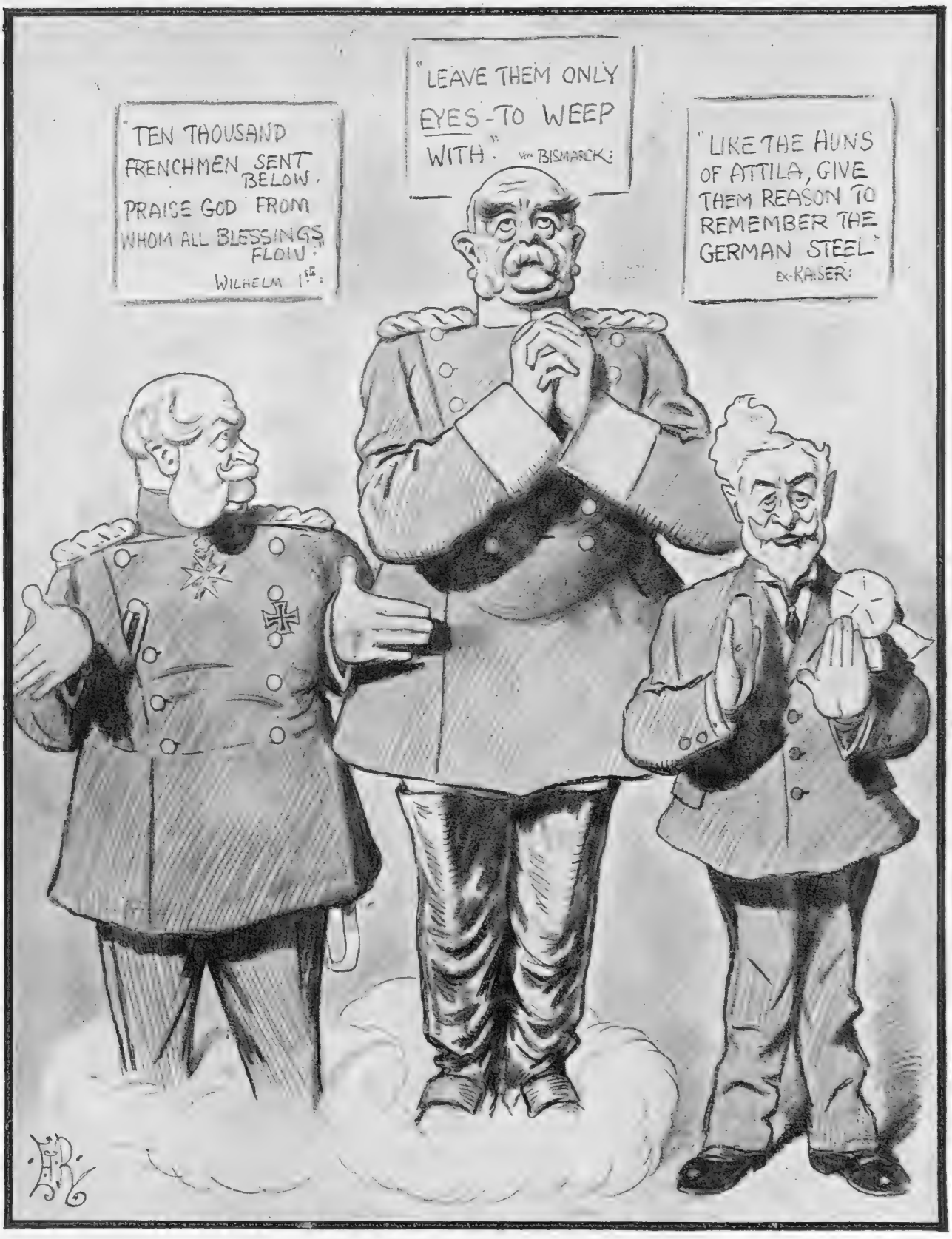
Royal Engagement Pictures

FOR its collection of pictures covering the lives and associations of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the current issue of *The Graphic* is sure to be much in demand. Many pages are devoted to the pictorial survey of the lives of the young couple, and the growth of the Duke from babyhood to young manhood. The issue includes many new photographs of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, and her parents, together with pictures of the historic Glamis Castle, the home of the family for centuries. In the same issue is a brilliant double page drawing of Buckingham Palace by Mr. Donald Maxwell, and a new full page portrait of the Queen.

Good Golf Stories

HAVE you heard any new and amusing Golf Stories lately? If so, send them along to the Editor. The best effort will be rewarded with a Golf Club (to be selected by the winner) or alternatively (at the wish of the successful competitor) a dozen first-class Golf Balls. Envelopes must be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Graphic Buildings, London, E.C.4, and marked "GOLF STORY COMPETITION" in the top left-hand corner. All entries must reach this office on or before Wednesday, January 31. The Editor's decision will be final, and he reserves the right to publish any anecdote sent in. Half a guinea will be paid for any such story published.

"Naught Shall Make Us Ruhr"



BY E. T. REED

CHORUS OF SCANDALISED GERMAN HUMANITARIANS:

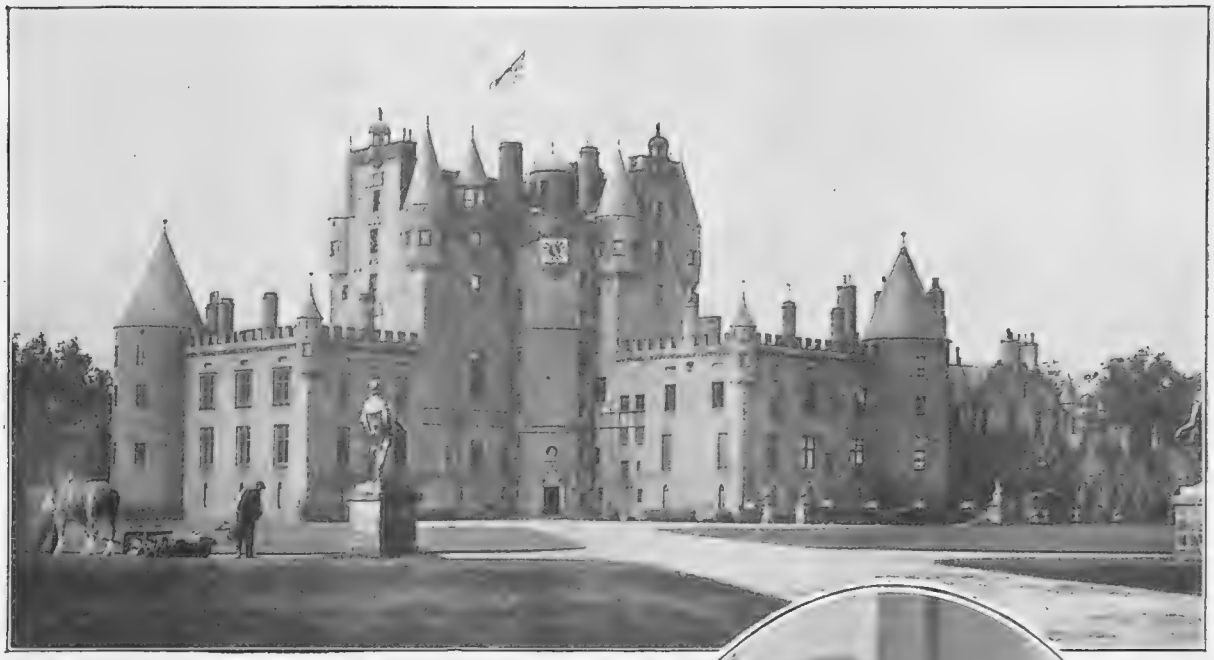
"Ach! vat dis-kusting bar-barism! For a mere matter of money to svallow-op our leedle delikat-Essen! How could civilised na-tions pehafe in soch a vay!"

The Future Duchess of York

Photograph *Lafayette*

LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON

The youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorne, whose engagement to H.R.H. the Duke of York was announced last week, to the joy of all the King's loyal subjects. Lady Elizabeth, who was one of Princess Mary's bridesmaids (our photograph shows her in bridesmaid's dress), is a lineal descendant of King Henry VII of England



Photograph *Topical*

GLAMIS CASTLE

The historic seat of the Earl of Strathmore, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon's father. It is a magnificent example of the Scottish baronial style of architecture; except for the central tower, which dates from the tenth or eleventh century, the castle is 17th and 18th century. Tradition has spread over it the glamour of tragic happenings, and of "ghosties" and ghostly deeds, but——'tis only tradition!

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Royal Betrothal

IT is exactly a fortnight since your Bystander wrote: "It is a *secret de polichinelle* that two dames of high degree might now be wearing the princely coronet of Wales and the ducal coronet of York if they had not felt that the position entailed too great a sacrifice of the independence and freedom of movement to which they had been accustomed from their childhood."

And now the second of the ladies in the secret that everybody knew, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, has decided that she can make the sacrifice and has accepted the Duke of York. It is the happiest of decisions and all the world is delighted.

I doubt if ever a young woman was wooed with more devotion and determination. In the autumn of 1921 there was a question of definite and final refusal, but after the Queen's visit to Glamis Castle it was arranged that no answer should be made for a year. This last October came: the year was up. But no announcement! It was thought, even by people about the Court, that Lady Elizabeth still felt she could not undertake a life of Royal duties. But, as you see, everybody has been proved to be wrong, and the Duke has won.

History Repeats Itself

THERE is a curious repetition of history in the Duke of York's engagement. It is over two and a half centuries since a Prince in direct succession to the British

Photograph *British Illus.*

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK AND HIS FIANCÉE

To whom THE BYSTANDER offers its respectful congratulations

Photograph] A HOLIDAY AT ST. MORITZ *[Central News*

Sir John Latta, Bart. (who returned to London in time for the "Melba" night at Covent Garden last week), with his daughter, Mary, and her fiancé, Mr. Eustace Robb. Mr. Robb is an only son of Major-General Sir Frederick Spencer Robb, K.C.B., who was Inspector-General of Communications during the War. Sir John Latta is the senior partner of the well-known shipping firm

Throne has received the consent of the Sovereign to his marriage. And the last Royal Prince to receive that permission was likewise Duke of York—the brother of Charles II, and afterwards James II of obstinate and pig-headed memory. He, too, married an earl's daughter, Anne Hyde, daughter of the historian Earl of Clarendon.

When the House of Guelph came over, it brought a lengthy list of house-laws, rules, and regulations on the Germanic plan, which the Hanoverian monarchs considered as expressing "the divinity that doth hedge a king." One unbreakable and unsurmountable law was that a Royal Prince must marry a woman of Royal rank. If he didn't, the marriage did not exist officially; his wife and his children had no place or share in his Royal position.

Queen Victoria was the first to break the cast-iron rule when she consented to the marriages of her daughter, Princess Louise, to the then Marquis of Lorne, and of her granddaughter, now the Princess Royal, to the Earl of Fife, whom she made a duke at the wedding breakfast.

The final abolition of the antiquated rule that Royal blood must mate with Royal blood came from the King when he reverted to the ancient name of Windsor for the Royal house, and swept away all the Germanic accretions that had grown upon the old English methods. It has been said, and on excellent authority, that when His Majesty decided that Royal quarterings were no longer to be a necessity in the marriages of his children, he told them they could choose their mates where they would in the families of the first three ranks of the nobility—dukes, marquises, and earls. This, too, is a reversion to ancient times when the king's sons and daughters never mated with subjects below the rank of an earl's daughter or son.

The two first marriages in the Royal family under the new rule—or, more truly, the new and happy freedom of choice—bear out the limits said to have been imposed by the King. Princess Mary is already allied to an earl's family, and the Duke of York soon will be.

Photograph *Dennis Moss*

A HUNT BALL IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE

The Berkley and Ledbury Hunts, following the mode of the moment, gave their joint Hunt Ball this month at the Guildhall, Gloucester. Our photograph shows Miss H. Payne Gallway, Mr. Ronald Cross, Miss Graham Moon and Captain R. A. F. Colebar

"Which Is Absurd"

I AM told there are some foolish women who are already debating as to whether they will or will not curtsey to Lady Elizabeth when she becomes Duchess of York. Their argument is that only Royalty is entitled to the curtsey, and that marriage does not make a non-royally born person Royal.

It is a silly argument—a Germanic argument. They might as well contend that when a peer marries a wife who has no connection by birth with the peerage she is not entitled to all the consideration, precedence and civility given to a peeress. It would be the gravest breach of manners not to curtsey to the wife of the Duke of York.

These silly women must be the direct descendants, I think, of certain dames who caused a great hullabaloo in the Victorian 'eighties. Older folk will remember that the

Photograph *L. N. A.*

A V. A. D. CHIEF AT PONTRESINA

Dame Katherine Furse, G.B.E., on a holiday after her own heart. She is an ardent votary of all winter sports and a very good mountaineer

Photograph *Topical*

SOMETHING LIKE A SHOOT!

Lord Lytton, the Governor of Bengal, at the famous Duck Shoot of Bharatpur, given by the Maharajah of Bharatpur to British officials in India; nothing below 2,000 brace counts as a "good" bag. Lord Lytton is seen standing just behind the diminutive gentleman with a turban, who is the Maharajah of Dholpur, son and heir to the Maharajah of Bharatpur (second from the left)

Princess of Wales (now Queen Alexandra) used to deputise for Queen Victoria at those ghastly afternoon functions when the Mall was a distressing spectacle of red noses on bitter March afternoons.

On one occasion both the Princess of Wales and Princess Christian were ill, and Queen Victoria directed Princess Louise, then Marchioness of Lorne, to take the duty. When they got inside the Palace and heard that they and the girls they were presenting would have to make their *révérence* to the Queen's youngest daughter-but-one some score or so of haughty mothers and dowagers refused to go into the Throne Room and clamoured for their carriages. They would *not*, they said, "curtsey to a Marchioness." So they went off in high dudgeon.

The Countess of Cromartie

LADY CROMARTIE, the subject of our frontispiece this week, is one of the few women who hold earldoms in their own right. Her Earldom of Cromartie is not the famous one whose last holder was attainted after he escaped the block on Tower Hill for his share in the 1745 rebellion. But Lady Cromartie is his direct descendant. Queen Victoria created Anne, Duchess of Sutherland, the heiress of the Mackenzie property, Countess of Cromartie in her own right, with descent in either the male or female line. When the Duchess died, her second son, who had borne his mother's second title, Viscount Tarbat, became Earl of Cromartie. When he died, he was succeeded by the elder of his two daughters.

Lady Cromartie has won distinction as a novelist. Her books deal chiefly with the occult and with Pictish and Phœnician life, and show a remarkably vivid imagination.

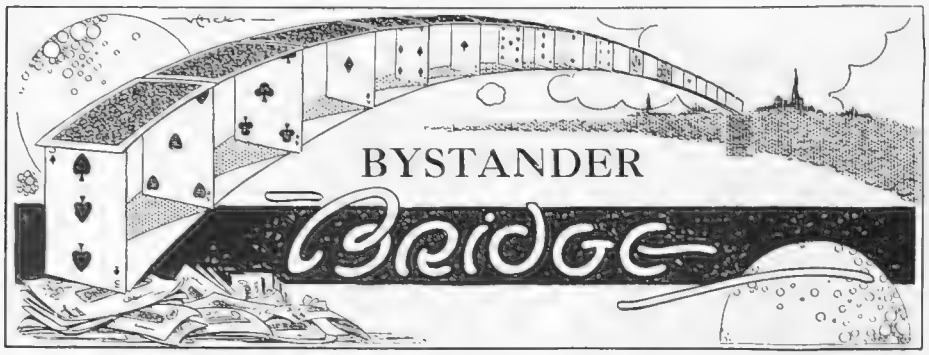
To Our Readers Abroad

THE Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

Photograph *Bassano*

MR. AND MRS. R. B. BOYD

Who were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on January 11th. The bride was Lady Mary Egerton, daughter of the fifth Earl of Wilton, and Mariota, Countess of Wilton. The honeymoon is being spent in East Africa



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

His partner kept on taking him out and going down badly. He was getting angrier and angrier. When it happened for the fourth time his partner said: 'I will give you my reasons for taking you out at the end of the hand."

"*Reasons!*" he replied. "There can be none, sir, but I will listen to your *excuses*."

. . . . . .

From an advertisement: "A clergyman, adept Bridge player, desires to augment his stipend by giving lessons in Bridge. Free one evening a week. Dinner and fee." There is a nice ecclesiastical touch about this, particularly in the insistence on dinner. I suggest he should try it on the Bishops. Bishops are notoriously bad Bridge players. He might become "Bridge-preceptor-in-Ordinary to the Church of England."

. . . . . .

"Back your luck and cut your losses" is the maxim of the good gambler. It applies at Monte Carlo and also at the Bridge table. I am told it is a superstition—a direct negation of a fundamental truth in all matters of chance, namely, that what has happened in the past cannot possibly affect the chances of the future.

. . . . . .

That leaves me cold. I can only say that I don't believe it. My own experience and the experience of most regular card players is to the contrary. We have our good days and our bad days, our bad runs and our good ones.

. . . . . .

On the bad days nothing goes right, however well you play. It is as though the devil had got into the cards. You hold either a long succession of hopeless hands, or still worse, a few good hands which go down owing to some freak distribution of the cards. The other day I saw a brilliant player lose seven love rubbers in succession. He only called once, and then he was fined 300 on a perfectly legitimate bid.

. . . . . .

The "old stager" frequently feels it in his bones when it is not his day out. He goes cautiously or gives it a rest.

The man who goes on backing himself against his luck may be a good sportsman, endued with the British spirit of never acknowledging himself beaten, but he is not a good gambler. The tricky little Jinn are waiting for him and chuckling all the time. They will have him sure enough.

. . . . . .

Solution of Actual Play Problem No. 1. ("Bystander," January 10):—

Z can go game only if the Diamond *finesse* is successful, and the King of Hearts is singly guarded in one hand—it doesn't matter which hand. He can get his Dummy in once only, and, therefore, cannot take the Heart *finesse* as well as the Diamond. Nor, even if successful, would the Heart *finesse* be of any use to him, as he holds neither Jack nor Ten. Therefore, Z should take his chance of game and lead Ace of Hearts followed by a small one. If the King drops on second round, and the Diamond *finesse* is successful, he must make four Hearts, four Diamonds, one Club, and one Spade.

. . . . . .

Correct solutions have been received from: "Eblow," "Forty-Seven," G. E. Hamersham, R. D. Davies, M. Stillwell, "Naaud," Captain H. G. S. Tuite, J. M. Knapp, E. F. Morton, "Bathwick," C. H. Simpson, P. S. Fraser, E. A. Gregory, J. Prosser Davies, Miss Paddon, P. Cunliffe, and C. J. S. Clemons who each score one point in the Competition series.

. . . . . .

In solving the third of the series of six problems in THE BYSTANDER Competition—several hands on which you are to decide the proper bid—you must leave out the human element. All you are asked to decide is the best call on the cards given. Z is the first declarer, A is the opponent on his left, Y is Z's partner, and B is the partner of A.

. . .

The prizes offered are as announced with our former problems of the series. Solutions, marked "Bridge Competition PROBLEM III," must reach THE BYSTANDER Office on or before January 31st.

ACTUAL PLAY PROBLEMS. No. III.

Score "Game All." Y "One Spade." Z deals and bids one Heart. A "No." B holds:

♠ A, Q, 9, 3.	♡ 5, 2.
♢ J.	♣ A, K, Q, 10, 7, 4.

(a) What should B say?

Z deals and holds

♠ None.	♡ A, Q, 9, 8, 7, 5, 3.
♢ Q, 2.	♣ 9, 8, 5, 4.

(b) What should Z say?

Z deals and calls "One Spade." A calls "One No Trumps." Y and B pass. Y holds:

♠ 3.	♡ J, 10, 7, 6.
♢ Q, 2.	♣ A, K, J, 7, 3, 2.

(c) What should Y lead

The First "Rugger" International

ENGLAND ONE UP ON WALES

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

40,000 people saw England beat Wales in Saturday's "Rugger" International at Twickenham by a dropped goal and a try to a try. Each country had previously won 16 matches. The encounter will be memorable for the sensational try gained for England by H. L. Price in the first minute of the game—the sort of try that does not happen once in a blue moon. But the match itself was not a great one, and the prophets who had prophesied that the teams would prove to be two of the "greatest ever" must be feeling rather small

The Riviera Week by Week

SOCIAL life in Cannes becomes jollier and more strenuous each week, and so many are the daily engagements that one often regrets the personal inconvenience of not being able to be in two places at the same time. Lawn tennis in particular has provided a surfeit of entertainment this past week, for even those who are not enthusiastic followers of this delightful game don't like to miss the cheery gatherings of friends who turn up at the various courts to sit in the sun and gossip together on these occasions.

The always popular tournament at the Carlton, the most central of all courts, began last week, and drew a very smart crowd of notabilities, both players and spectators, for the rest of the week. Nor did anyone want to miss the opening of the new Gallia Club, and, judging from the immense attendance, very few did.

THE first of the invitation tournaments, organised by Sir Francis Towle, at the Metropole, took numerous enthusiasts up the hill into the Californie quarter, now ablaze with golden mimosa, and finally all the keenest English and American youngsters had a great day at the Cannes Lawn Tennis Club when the first children's tournament was held.

LORD ROCKSAVAGE seemed to be everywhere at once. Suzanne Lenglen, agile and unbeaten as ever, always in white, with a vivid purple head-band, found time to join in the excellent luncheon offered by Baron de St. Marc and the officials of the Gallia to all the delegates of the Riviera tennis clubs, and danced at the *thé dansant* later in the day.

Sir Laming Worthington Evans was among those playing at the Metropole, and some indelicate individual emptied the pockets of his coat as it was resting on the back of a chair, 2,000 francs and some papers disappearing. I saw him at the Carlton courts the next day with his coat buttoned up and his hands in his pockets!

SIR ARTHUR and Lady Crosfield, Sir John and Lady Dashwood, Miss Meakin (daughter of Countess Sondes), Mrs. Winston Churchill, the Duke of Westminster, Miss Eno (a pretty American girl staying with her family at the Beau-Site), Sir Norcott Warren, Dr. Warden, Leighton and Marion Crawford (sons of the popular novelist, who, like so many other

Photograph *Alfieri*

LADY CROSFIELD

Playing in the Carlton Club Lawn Tennis Tournament at Cannes. She was beaten in the semi-finals by Miss Ryan by 6-3, 6-4

Photograph *Alfieri*

PRINCESS MARIE OF RUSSIA

Who was at the Carlton Club Tournament which ended last week. Mr. F. R. Leighton Crawford again won the Men's, and Miss Ryan the Ladies', Singles

Photo *Le Noir*

THE RANEE OF PUDUKOTA

The beautiful Australian wife of the Raja of Pudukota, who is spending the season at her charming villa at Cannes

Photograph *Sport and General*

ON THE SOSPEL GOLF LINKS AT MENTONE

Lady Dering, the wife of the British Ambassador at Bucharest

Photograph *Thorburn*

SIR ERNEST AND LADY HODDER-WILLIAMS

In the sun-swept grounds of the Grand Hotel, Cannes, where they are staying

Photographs

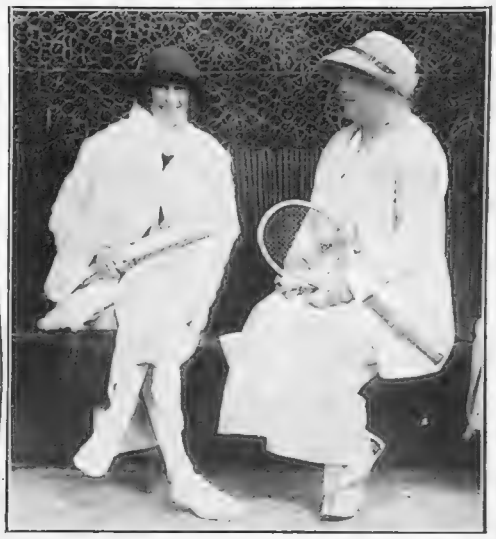
MISS KAVANAGH AND MISS AUDREY MEAKIN

Who were among the many prominent players taking part in the Invitation American Lawn Tennis Tournament, held on the new courts at the Hotel Metropole, Cannes. The courts, which have been constructed on the site of the old

Photograph *Alfieri*

IN THE UMPIRE'S SEAT

The Duchess of Westminster scoring for Mrs. Winston Churchill's match in the Invitation American Tournament at the Hotel Metropole



Alfieri

MRS. SATTERTHWAITE AND LADY WAVERTREE

ones and of the croquet lawn, have evidently been built by a lawn tennis enthusiast, as they combine the very best qualities of light, background and surface, and have won pæons of praise from every player along the Côte d'Azur

literary men, is making his winter home by the Mediterranean), Miss Ryan, Mrs. Musker, Baron Firks, Wallis Myers, Aeschliman, Watson, Viscount Clemansin du Maine, and J. H. van Alan (a young American student who gave

Photograph *E. Navello*

HONEYMOON AND GOLDEN SUN

Sir John Dashwood (the premier baronet of England) and Lady Dashwood, who are spending their honeymoon at Cannes, and are frequent visitors to the courts and golf links

Lord Rocksavage a beating the other morning) were among the prominent players of the week. We had delightful weather except for one afternoon, when rain cut short the programme.

THE biggest social event of the season so far, and the most successful, was certainly the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Locke at the Cercle Nautique in honour of the coming-out of Miss Sheila Locke, who was adopted as their daughter — lucky girl! — fourteen years ago, and has lived and travelled with them ever since. The handsome club rooms were lavishly decorated, and there were two hundred guests, the many smart dresses and jewels making it a very brilliant scene.

THE race meeting at the pretty course near Nice commenced in glorious weather, the sun feeling all the more pleasant for the views of the snow-capped peaks along the valley of the Var. The attendance provided one more proof—if further evidence be needed—that this season along the Riviera is going to establish fresh records, for the gate-money the first day alone showed an increase over the corresponding day last year of 40,000 francs, and the pari-mutuel takings were also 200,000 francs higher. The display of fashions was remarkably fine, and the steeplechasing produced some exciting moments and unexpected results.

M. Camille Blanc's horses added to the luck of this generally lucky sportsman, and Mr. Arthur Veil-Picard was another fortunate owner. Captain Jefferson Cohn had some good horses out, but had to be content with seconds and thirds.

Photograph *Le Nain*

BEFORE WINTER COMES—TO LONDON

Sir Charles Mandelberg, Mr. Owen Nares, Major R. A. Brooks and Sir Laming Worthington Evans, on the sunny golf links at Cannes. Mr. Owen Nares is returning to London this week to play lead in "If Winter Comes" at the St. James's Theatre on January 31

In Full Flight

Photograph *Central News*

THE INTERNATIONAL SKI-JUMPING COMPETITION AT KLOSTERS

One of the competitors at the International Ski-Jumping Competition recently held on the famous Selfranga Schanze, probably the finest jump in Europe. From among some forty competitors representing different countries, Risch, of Austria, finished first with jumps of 41, 45, 46 metres

AND WHAT THEN?

A SERIES OF SHORT STORY COMPETITIONS

No. IV.

GALLIO-JESTER

by

E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

HE had no *mise-en-scène* beyond a piano, a back drop, and a well-fitting suit of dress-clothes. The rest was a personality of peculiar charm, a power of subtle mimicry, and the art of drawing the whole audience into his confidence from gallery to stalls, as he sang them little songs of his own composition about men, women and life, in a rich baritone, smiling into space the while, as if shyly deploring his own brilliance. He had fitted himself out thoroughly and expensively by the best tailor, hosier and bootmaker with the half of his war gratuity on demobilisation. "Gallio—Jester," he called himself simply, nothing else. His real name was, as he said, too high-browed and "county" altogether.

With these attributes, material and mental, he descended into the arena of the music-hall world, ill-equipped, with a great courage, and alone. The suave, heavy-lipped potentates of the profession into whose mahogany and gilt offices he inveigled himself received him unfavourably. He was unversed in the ways and means of pushing. He had no Agent to bargain for him, no reputation. "Songs and mimicry at the piano? We've got crowds of 'em, my dear chap; not to-day, thank 'e," was the invariable verdict. Thus fate took him into her hands and shuttle-cocked him up and down the country, on the last half of the gratuity, throwing the pearls of his talent before—well, before third-rate managers of the non-syndicate houses, who gave him an odd week, first turn, here and there, and saw no merit in him.

When he was down to his last £20, Dempster (*né* Cohen, but he never said so) came into the stalls at the People's Palace of Varieties, Sunderland; and after listening intently to Gallio's first song, glanced keenly at his programme, changed his seat for one nearer the stage, and sat absorbed until the end of the number. Then he wandered round, nonchalantly, a benefactor of poor artistes, to the back of the house, and interviewed Gallio, concluding his lengthy monologue with:

"Well, my boy, I doubt whether you'll ever have a chance like this again. Take it or leave it; please y'self. Twenty pounds a week is what I've offered you, on a five years' contract guaranteed, forty working weeks and the usual matinées; reasonable, agreed expenses for syndicate tours. Because *I believe in you*. P'raps I'm a fool. Dessay I am. But there it is. Come and see me on Monday. You know my offices, o' course; Coventry Street—bye-bye."

Dempster was the biggest variety agent in London, and the cleverest. Like the Gallio of old, who cared for none of these things, our Gallio cared for nothing, then, but to get to London and sign this most amazing of all contracts. Steady affluence for five years, making a name all the time, and writing new and better songs at ease and peace. It was unbelievable. What was even less credible was that, having signed the lengthy, hurriedly read document with eager fingers, he found himself under orders to appear the very next week at The Odéon, *in London*, the goal of all his professional brethren! And late on in the bill, too, when the stalls had ceased fidgeting their way in. . . .

What Gallio did not know was that the Big Four, who controlled most of the theatres in London, and many in the provinces, were present on his opening night, judiciously scattered in box and circle, and that these same Four were entertained royally to supper by Dempster thereafter. That one of them, Stomer, the biggest of the Four, had openly admitted he was the best "find" in twenty years. Nor that before their ponderous bodies had descended in Dempster's lift to their limousines that midnight, the host, rubbing beringed hands, had sold him amongst them, on sub-contracts, for all the principal houses, at prices ranging from £80 to £120 a week for the next five years.

. . . . . .

Take a look at him again a year hence. The Gallio, as the London theatre-going public now knows him; the Gallio on the hoardings, on the buses, winked in coloured signs over The Odéon, The Elysium, The Parthenon theatres in turn. "Gallio the Great—Jester." The maker of a thousand nightly laughs, a thousand nightly tears, restrained by the well-bred stoics in the stalls. The Gallio without whose melodies no restaurant orchestra is complete. The man who draws "capacity" houses unfailingly wherever he is. See him from the front first, tucked comfortably down in your arm-chair stall. His number is slipped

into the slots. The orchestra, with muted strings, thrums one of his well-known songs:

> I know a man or two
> (And, I believe, *you* do),
> Men who can each love you
> As you *so* want them to. . . ."

and a wave of sibilant, whispered expectancy sweeps over the darkened house. The raised curtain reveals him, a bachelor in his flat, alone, after dinner, idly strumming at the piano, soliloquising a verse of a little song here, a gem of a melody there, and the charming, apologetic smile as he suddenly realises his audience for the first time. Thence he takes them, for half an hour, through the whole gamut of the emotions in his own incomparable way, and bows himself deprecatingly from their enthusiastic sight after four insistent "calls."

Then in his dressing-room, as he removes the make-up wearily . . . Judd is there, cigar in mouth, placid, importunate—Judd, the great American *impresario*, offering £300 a week for a two years' American and Australian tour, and double royalties on songs.

"But they've got me, Judd, I keep on telling you. I'm playing to £20, you know that. It's the old story; we all have to learn it. And in four years I shall be stale, depreciated stock; they will write me down."

"Break the contract, boy, pay the fine; what is it, £400? Little more than a week's salary, with me. See here, *I'll* pay it. That's my last word."

Judd saw a fortune in him over there, and hung on, bargaining tenaciously.

"And when I come back? A known breaker of contracts. What will the Big Four say?"

He was changing his clothes rapidly, thinking, worrying. There was another reason against going.

"Say? Nothing! They'll fight over your contract to get you. 'Gallio The Great—just returned from his American successes'—*you* know; it's a cinch. It's been done before often enough. Think it over. I'm at the Carlton if you want me. I sail Toosday."

He was thinking it over, frowning into his mirror; £24,000 in two years. Big American royalties on all songs. A great name over there—bigger even than here. But . . . A light step on the stone corridor. Nina, the brightest star of the theatrical firmament, drawing an enormous salary, but now resting, obtruded a lovely head round his door.

"May I come in, sweetheart? What has Judd been in here about? He's not tempting you away from me, is he? I believe he *is*. But you won't go, of course. Damn the money; I've got enough, surely? I'd come with you to-morrow, to Timbuctoo, you know that; if it wasn't for my new show in the spring. Why don't you answer? Kiss me, please . . . well? But, of course, you won't go. You wouldn't, honey, would you? It would mean we should never be deliciously together, as we are now, just you and me. And then . . . but I couldn't bear it. I just *couldn't!*

"Could you? . . .

"Oh, for God's sake say *something!* Why don't you answer me?"

QUERY:—

What does Gallio do?
How does the story end?

A cheque for ***Five Guineas*** *will be sent to the reader who, in the estimation of the judges, sends in the best solution of Gallio's difficulty. Solutions, which should be as brief as possible, must be received not later than first post on Wednesday, Feb. 21st. Envelopes should be addressed to The Editor and marked "And What Then?" Competition.*

A HICKSOGRAPH FROM THE LYRIC

Courtice Pounds as Franz Schubert in "Lilac Time"—and some of the "bhoys" of 1826

"Grandfather's" Dictum

BY WILMOT LUNT

"TWO UP AND ONE TO GO"

"Do you know what it is that is love?"

The Impassable Barrier of Habits

BY "ROLANDO." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

THERE are factors in the impulsion of nations which are more powerful than wars. They are habits. I may say that it has taken me a very long time to think out that. Undoubtedly someone must have said it before. But I had forgotten, and have had to think it out all over again for myself. It has been at the end of a protracted rumination over the differences between the English and the French that I have crystallised the explanation of them. For the longtime now—*en effet*, ever since that the War has ended — we have seen all the questions from the opposite points of the compass. With the best will in the world it has been impossible to reconcile those views.

IT has been as though we have stood on the opposite sides of a hill on the top of which is a church and, however hard we have stared, you have been able to see only the north side, while we could not possibly see any but the south. And as the south side has been the original fabric while the north side has been restored, we have inevitably had the contrary conceptions. And why has it been that we have been compelled to regard the objective all the time from the north and south respectively instead of to be able to draw together and envisage it simultaneously from the west? Because of the old habits.

THOSE habits have been suspended in the period of the War. Optimists have been so much impressed by this as to believe that they had been merged and that they would never again erect the barriers between the nations. But the habits have been much more assertive than had been appreciated. They have triumphed over sentiment because they are the makers of sentiment. Such, *par exemple*, are the habits of the table. I mean the choice of the dishes, not the manner to eat them. We shall never be the permanent friends until we find the kindred joys in the similar *plats*.

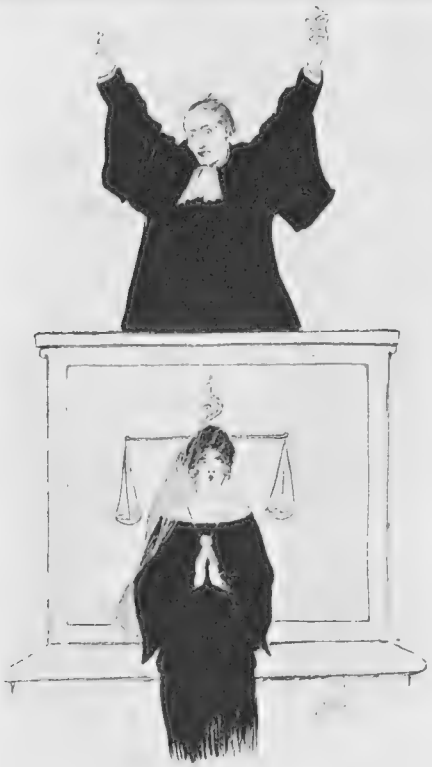
HOW can we see eye to eye with those who endure almost every day the agony of boiled potatoes? *Pommes à l'anglaise* is the description for them here, which is regarded as a sign of peculiarity. The difference of outlook of the person who has consumed boiled potatoes and he who has eaten *pommes sautées* is so vast that it is not possible for it to be bridged. One could continue to enumerate such dishes of alienation, but that it could be invidious.

"French cooking does not always appeal to English people"

ONE must not, however, permit the impression that all the obstacles come from one side. You are able to reproach us, for instance, about the garlic, with a pungency of argument. And, perhaps, you could even accumulate as many counts against the *cuisine française* as we could elaborate against the *cuisine anglaise*. But that would not meet the crisis. The essential is that there must be a *rapprochement*. You cannot fail to note the *base gastronomique* of what is left of the *bloc* of the Allies. The French, the Belgians and the Italians do eat the very similar dishes. The English are accustomed to the far different preparations.

SUCH a problem would seem impossible of solution if it were not that we have long ago entered on the way of concessions. There ought to be a road to *rapprochement* by the sacrifice of some of the dishes which are nationalist *à outrance*. Unless the bold policy is seized in this direction the irreconcilability of outlook must for ever persist.

AND it is not only in the matters of *la politiqi* . There is the similar divergency of view in the more human topics. There has been the immense interest, one has observed, in the affair of Madame Thompson and her lover, Bywaters. And there



"The peroration of the advocat"

has been the vast admiration for the unshaken determination of the administrators of the English law that Madame Thompson shall be hanged. *Sans aucun doute*, the course of the events would have passed quite differently in France. There is a clever gentleman who has framed the sort of speech which would have delivered, on behalf of the culprits, Maître Henri-Robert or Maître Moro-Giaffierri.

"THEY loved one another! *messieurs, les jurés.* Do you know what it is that is love. Ah! the love which does devour the heart, which does set the brain on fire, and which does bring the madness. They loved one another! But the fatality interposed between them a prosaic being who, against the sacred rights of love, opposed his own rights, rights not inscribed on the sublime book of nature, but on the banal marriage register. This dolorous person, this obstacle, this tyrant, this husband, in short, it was M. Thompson. Logically, he should have disappeared, for above hypocritical conventions and contemptible prejudices, there is love! Ah! love, *messieurs les jurés.*"

MADAME THOMPSON would have shaken with sobs, M. Bywaters have looked pitiful, the jury would have vigorously employed their handkerchiefs, while the crowd of fashionables in the court would have had tears in their eyes. There would have been an acquittal, or at any rate an attenuated sentence. Certainly not the death sentence. *Et après*, there would have been other *crimes passionnels.* But in England, is the belief here, not a sound will be heard of a *crime passionnel* for the long time. Such a method of treatment is thus considered to be very *pratique*, and worthy of the trial in France.

BUT there is as little of the chance that this shall be so as of the adoption of the similar views about the Germans. The habits are the such terribly strong factors to overcome. One can have the hopes only in the realisation of the community of the *cuisine.* And it is, indeed, doubtful who shall be so bold as to make the first move. In this instance it could not be polite to say, "*Messieurs, les Anglais, retirez les premiers.*" Perhaps that the Belgians may once again act as the mediators by to ask for the simultaneous suppression of the boiled potatoes and the garlic. ROLAND

P.S.—One must not omit to add the postscript for the benefit of *les amies*, who have the perpetual interest in the fashions, It has appeared that every day and in every waist the tendency is to become tighter and tighter. If the progress should continue with the present rapid momentum we shall before long have the waist *à la Diabolo.* Is announced also the new departure in the silk stockings. For the longtime the black stocking held the position of indispensability in the *toilette de bon goût.* Then had followed the transparent, the cobweb, to be succeeded by the flesh colour and champagne. Now has arrived the day of the *bas de soie blanc.* This is the vogue of *la garçonne*, the freak *demoiselle* with the masculine manners, You will remember all about *la garçonne*, for THE BYSTANDER has been the first English journal to condemn the book which has made her infamous. But there is nothing terrible about her stockings.

"The diabolo waist"

The Coming Race

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"I'm sure it's going to be a tight squeeze between getting the money for the last war and the start of the next"

"ARLEQUIN" AT THE EMPIRE

DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY AS PIERROT

BY "JINGLE."

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

Produced on December 21, 1922
Withdrawn January 20, 1923

THIS truly splendiferous production, freely translated from the French of Maurice Magre by Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker, is partly an allegory. It says so on the programme. I don't know what the other part of it should be called, but it is all very beautiful. The text of the story is based, apparently, on a casual remark made by a person named Shakespeare, that men were deceivers ever. Personally, I will trouble Mr. Shakespeare to speak for himself. And what about women, I should like to know, if it comes to that? I do not see why the title of the play is given as *Arlequin* without the H. As the story has been put into English it seems to me that the title might have been anglicised as well. Beyond the fact that, as it stands, *Arlequin* is a bit of a windfall for the *parvenu* who is sparing with his H's, I see no merit in retaining the French word. However, as all the players speak of the gentleman, in plain English, as Harlequin, I shall decline to pursue this controversy further. It seems that Harlequin is a type that stands for the less exalted side of man, which probably accounts for his popularity among the ladies.

THE piece opens with a sort of prologue representing what you might call love in a mist. We see dimly in the half-light, Harlequin and some of the girls among whom he sought to find happiness. Then filmy curtains rise one by one until the full beauty of the scene comes into the glare of the limelight. Most of the girls are, as it were, "birds" of passage. The real love is not there. I think the moral is that we are ever in pursuit of pleasure, while if we would be satisfied with mere happiness, we should find it waiting for us on the doorstep all the time. Somebody, I think it was my grandmother, discovered this truth some years ago. This part of the show is Harlequin's dream, from which we proceed to actualities. The scene is a street in Venice, with an inn very properly occupying a good deal of the stage. It can be readily understood that with so much water about, the Venetians like an occasional reminder that the other stuff still exists. Harlequin here represents the power that irresistibly attracts women to a man, the magnetism, as it were, of the film hero. He has, for instance, but to exchange a few bantering words with the maid of the inn, and she at once hands him her latchkey for future reference.

JUST about this time we hear that the Doge is a man of very austere morals, and it is not surprising to hear in consequence that he finds that Harlequin's presence among the dainty maidens of the City positively amounts to a public danger. He therefore instructs his hired ruffians to kidnap Harlequin and sell him as a slave to some Barbary pirates, who would seem to have money to burn. But Harlequin successfully skips out of harm's way, and resumes the industry that has made him famous.

MOYNA MACGILL AND GODFREY TEARLE

THERE is the Doge's daughter, Gaëtana, who is described as being a lady of "wayward desires." I trust I shall never know what that means. Gaëtana arrives in a magnificent gondola, accompanied by her private speciality dancer, and two pages, one of whom carries a monkey and the other a parrot. The parrot is there to remind the lady of the idle chatter of her admirers, and the monkey makes faces more or less like theirs when declaring their heart troubles. The parrot is quiet enough on the stage; but the monkey seems to be quite an expert in the peculiar industry traditionally associated with the simian exhibits at the Zoo. Gaëtana

stands for romance in love; but it seems that Harlequin isn't having any. He is out for latchkeys all the time. Gaëtana finding that she cannot get Harlequin's love, for what it is worth, gives him her latchkey instead, and trusts to chance. Then there is the Doge's lady, who represents the money-power. She also is distributing latchkeys; and you get the idea that, in his slack moments, Harlequin must be able to do quite a trade in old iron. And hovering all the while round Harlequin is his first love, who, although he does not recognise her, acts as a sort of guardian angel. Her name is Michaëla, and though she has not always been a very good girl, her redeeming feature is that she has never really loved Another.

MICHAELA follows Harlequin to the gorgeous revels that are being held at the Doge's palace, and warns him that his life is in danger. It seems that having failed to kidnap the fellow, the Doge has resolved to shoot him at sight. Must get rid of the objectionable elements in the community somehow, don't you know. Harlequin manages to escape by the back gate, having had the luck to find an archbishop's robe and cowl which he assumes with such success that, as he sneaks off, people stop him and ask him for his blessing. Meanwhile Michaëla, departing somewhat ostentatiously by the front gate, is mortally wounded in mistake by the faithful retainer of the Doge. With the third act we are inside "The Moor of Venice Inn"; and in a bed in the centre of the stage, or thereabouts, we observe that Michaëla is dying rather energetically.

LEONARD SHEPHERD AS THE ARCHBISHOP

HARLEQUIN, still in his clerical disguise, comes to her bedside, and she, taking him for a Father Confessor, pours out the rather lurid story of the life to which her first betrayal led her. She then asks for the pure, fatherly kiss that will wipe out all her sins, and there is a line quoted on the programme, "O sun of youth, shine out on youth's first kiss." This may be all right as poetry, but I am told that a dark corner of the staircase will take a lot of beating. After having been kissed, Michaëla falls back dead, and Harlequin realises too late that she is the girl he has been wanting all along, and didn't know it.

EDITH KELLY GOULD AS THE GREEN DANCER

ROSINA FILIPPI AS THE DUCHESS

THEN Harlequin has another dream. A flight of steps leads up to what is called the gate of death. This is screened by a curtain behind which is burning an ominously red light; and when Harlequin gets to the top of the steps, he sees the figure of a skeleton, representing Death before the fumigator has had a chance to get at his musty old bones. In due course the skeleton is thrown aside, and we see Michaëla in her Sunday best, waiting for Harlequin on the hall mat. The comment of the programme is that "death is revealed to him as the gate to Michaëla—as the only door to love eternal." I am sure it means well.

REDUCED to my own bald prose, the story may not appear very exciting; but as a fact it is told throughout in spacious language. The scene of the death of Michaëla is ornamented by dialogue that is always well chosen, and is often exquisitely beautiful. The moving sentiments are couched in simple but impressive words, and there is a lilt in many of the lines which is very pleasing to the ear.

THE production, which was by Mr. Albert de Courville, showed his wide experience of combining magnificence with nice taste. Mr. Godfrey Tearle was a handsome and convincing Harlequin; while Miss Moyna MacGill gave a singular beauty and tenderness to the part of Michaëla. Miss Rosina Filippi, as the Doge's erratic lady, supplied what there was of humour in the piece; but it is, of course, a theme that calls for respectful contemplation rather than outbreaks of jarring mirth.

JINGLE

BY MACMICHAEL

ARLEQUIN—AN IMPRESSION

THE DRAMA

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

IC MOMENT

The Winter "Sport"

BY TONY CASTLE

SHE WHO HESITATES MAY BE LOST—BUT NEVER ALONE!

OTHER MEN'S WOMEN

No. IV.

THE BARGAIN BASEMENT WOMAN

By DELL LEIGH

THE acquisition of a length of material for a penny-three-farthings a yard less than her neighbour has obtained it, represents to her "something accomplished, something done to earn a night's repose."

She has then fully justified herself in the eyes of her social judges, by whom she considers herself as at least "highly commended."

She lives in one of those districts of greater London which are described in the local estate agents' brochures as being "readily accessible by tram, bus, and tube to all parts of the West End." Indeed, although a thoroughly practical woman, with few illusions about life in other directions, she continues to cherish this lie to her bosom, and fondly believes that her "place" is within attainment of any theatre upper circle in twenty minutes "from door to door." You cannot move her from the solidity of this fact. It is self-evident. Hasn't she done it week in week out for fifteen years? "I think I ought to know, oughtn't I?"

The Tube station is, in reality, ten minutes distant at her end, and the train takes thirty between stations, allowing nothing for the trivialities of lifts, and the walk to the theatre on arrival. But the neighbourhood is "so convenient, and select"—and that disposes of further controversy.

Her semi-detached residence in "The Crescent," on a seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years' lease, with full repairing covenants for the landlord, and a nice bit of garden for herself, is governed, maintained, and permeated by the watchword THRIFT. Nothing is wasted in this household.

If her husband leaves stray flakes of navy-cut tobacco, as he invariably does, in the bottom of his regular quarter-pound tin, they are carefully collected into another, kept for the purpose, and ultimately given, with a justifiable glow of generosity and thoughtfulness, to the dustman, who smokes nothing but shag. All bread-crumbs are given to the birds (poor things), scattered carefully upon the iron cover of the drainage inspection chamber on the lee side of the coal-hole door.

String is unknotted from parcels, never cut, and kept in neat little coils in the hempen fish basket on its own particular nail on the scullery wall. Should the string basket become deposed to support the punctured inner-tube of the husband's cycle tyre, there is some heavy shelling on the subject. His golden-shred marmalade (he will have no other, "men are so fussy, my dear") is not replaced after breakfast in the maker's jar, from the "present-from-Lowestoft" pot from which he ladles it. Certainly not. You lose so much every time you do this, and it is perfectly clean where it is; "everything in my house is spotless, thank you." The latter is delivered with the grim ultimatum of compressed lips, and the battle light in the eye.

You may attack her lack of religion (she "distrusts" the average parson); you may deplore her taste in literature (she doesn't care tuppence about the *policy* of the *Daily Megaphone*, it has the best advertisements of the Great White Sales, always); you may condemn her intolerance of the *divorcée* next door but three, and she will hear you with commendable patience. But adventure upon the merest breath of criticism of the orderliness, efficiency or cleanliness of her house or its appurtenances, and she will cast you into outer darkness, though you be a time-honoured guest, or her husband beholden to you for office.

To her "cook-general" servant she is both mistress and friend. On the arrival of this maid-of-all-work-thoroughly-done she is all mistress and no friend, because there is first a no-woman's-land of mutual suspicion to be traversed between them. But having enjoyed *pourparlers* in each other's social trenches, the necessary reconnaissance being invariably made, jointly, over the scullery copper on a Monday morning, she then becomes friend first and mistress as an "also ran," to her inevitable undoing; and the universal lament that "you can't keep a servant nowadays, no matter *what* you do for them," is bruited about the Crescent for all sympathetic fellow sufferers to hear, and comment upon caustically to each other thereafter.

Her husband has be
to say, "I told yo
never in her heari
in his generation.

Despite the ever
the cancer at the

by the ungrateful servant question, she has halcyon days. Days when, her face an expressionless mask concealing a feverish desire to purchase, she descends with a thousand of her sisters into the bowels of the Bargain Basement. More often than not she will draw a comparative blank as regards a real "find"; and will return home having beaten the price of her local shops on the day's turnover by sevenpence, but having incurred an overhead charge of ninepence on bus and tube in order to do so. Never mind. In the Crescent district they are charging one-and-nine-three a yard, whereas "up West" she has got "*the same thing*, my dear, for one-and-six-three. It only shows what can be done . . ."

Besides, you don't count tubes and things. You have always to take them wherever you go. Absurd.

Here in the basement of all that is wonderful in the world of bargains she wanders absorbed. She is *chez elle*. There is little enough air, none of it fresh. There is a jostling, insidiously progressive crowd of fellow bargain seekers occupying, with set mouths and alert, appraising eyes, the same narrow floor space. There is a peculiar bargain-basementy smell, as of rubber burning. But as compensation for all this are there not white cards hung in every direction over stalls, denoting something to be got for next to nothing?—some distinct advantage to be gained by burrowing to these acrid depths?

Look at these cambric handkerchiefs at 6½*d.*—from 9*d.* Really quite good—m'm—not shop soiled at all? No. And these "fully fashioned ribbed cashmere hose" at 3*s.* 11*d.*, that her niece Nancy, the typist, is so fond of. Or that satin broche, miles of it, suspended in many multi-coloured festoons apparently from heaven, thirty-six-inch width, too, and the white card of temptation clearly marking it down from 10*s.* 11*d.* to 6*s.* 11*d.* Why? Anything wrong with it? "Show me some of this"—to the saleswoman.

The jargon of the counter chieftainess streams out in spate.

To her blandishments and subtle persuasion our lady presents a sphinx-like front. She does not betray the faintest interest. She is bored; rather contemptuous of the lack of variety and quality the shop offers. Also she seeks rapidly a flaw to account for the depths to which the price has fallen. She picks things over with finnicking, expert fingers, sniffing her open disparagement, the while her heart throbs with joy.

But that feeling is only deep down inside. It is not exposed to the enemy for the fraction of a second.

"No-o, she doesn't think she will to-day. Is that all you've got? No, it's not what I want, thank you . . . ." and as the saleswoman pauses for breath she wanders on.

To a delicious repetition at another counter.

She is drawn magnet-wise to the signpost which directs her to "the cheapest food market in London." She sees "pure dairy butter," at 1*s.* 8*d.* (country of origin undefined), and a four-pound loaf for sevenpence.

"Good gracious! Food *is* coming down then? What did I say!"

A vista of delight is offered her at a demonstration of the making of the new Dalmation Cream Cheese, and she drifts in an eddy of expectation towards the crowd of housewives who are offered a free sample here and now. Her large bag opens automatically, pleasurably.

She always *did* like this place.

WANTED: A Humorous Photograph

£50 REWARD

PHOTOGRAPHY has become an art to itself, even rivalling the etcher's needle and the painter's brush, but till now it has been confined to the portrayal of beauty: beautiful women; the beauty of motion; the pictured beauty of landscape. It has practically ignored humour; indeed, humour would seem to have evaded the camera's cunning lens. Is this really so? The Editor wishes to know.

And, in order to discover this apparent lack of humour, he is prepared to offer a cheque for Fifty Pounds for the photograph which, in his opinion, most truly pictures a spirit of fun, which most truly captures the smiling sprite of humour and from staid seriousness does turn his face—and yours—to smile. Simply a photograph of fun, not a marvellous print requiring years of applied technique to accomplish, just some funny photograph. That's all. And the cheque is yours.

try form on page IV of this issue and paste
k of your photograph. Any number of
be submitted, but each must have the
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ıust be addressed to The Editor, "The
aphic Buildings, London, E.C.4, in envelopes
ɔgraphic Competition in the left top corner.

They must not be rolled, and should be carefully sealed to avoid postal accidents. They must reach us by *February 1st, 1923.*

The decision of the Editor will be final, and the full copyright and negative of the winning picture will become the property of "The Bystander." The Editor reserves the right to publish any photograph sent in at the usual rate of payment.

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

"Too fair for life, too calm to be a dream
A fairy region, where a lover's theme
Should be essay'd . . ."

—GRASS OF PARNASSUS, *John Meredith Cobbett*

SPECTATORS.

BY "PENDARVES"

IT is a remarkable thing how many people go and watch Rugby matches who have never played the game in their lives, and know nothing about it. This is an easy thing to understand, of course, with the professional Association game. In the latter, apart from the delicately accurate passing of a greasy ball low along the ground by the skilled wage-earner, the *finesse* of his dribbling, and the literal use of his head at all times and in all places, there is nothing very difficult to follow and understand about Association football. What I find most difficult to understand about the professional Soccer game is why the player, who has received a gentle tap on the ankle from an opponent's boot, lies down pathetically, and stays there, while a trainer rushes on to the ground and rubs him, and the opposing line of forwards, who were swarming round the victim's goal at the time are called back by the whistle, and the whole game is hung up.

Perhaps these frequent pauses for casualties (*sic*) are welcomed by the hundred thousand spectators as an opportunity of lengthening or shortening the odds of the moment. I don't know. And nobody will tell me.

Except for a mild bet or two, born of enthusiasm on the ground, money plays no part in Rugby Union football, thank heaven, and so it is not that which brings the crowds to Rugger matches. One likes to think it is the immense superiority of the game, as a game, that draws the non-playing man. It is not quite that, however. It is largely, I believe, the thrill of watching other people getting knocked about that is the attraction, coupled with a partly-understood appreciation of the science of a game, played at great speed under heavy pressure. Spectators at Rugby matches certainly get their shilling's-worth, if only by seeing a fast three-quarter flung heavily into touch by three men of the other side when he has run half the length of the field, and the score is 3 points all. There is a chap-licking satisfaction about this, I suppose, for everyone, except the hapless three-quarter.

But if you can divert your attention from the game for a minute or two at any big Rugby match (a difficult feat requiring great strength of mind) and glance about you in the Stand or along the terrace below, you will see all sorts of men whose presence there will puzzle you.

There is the man who, though obviously never at a Rugby playing school, and certainly a non-playing member of the public now, looks as pleased as Punch when anybody does anything spectacular, and glances round among his neighbours as much as to say, "that is what *I* should have done under those circumstances—only a bit better, of course."

Then there is the pestiferous gentleman who, knowing not the whys and wherefores of the rules, bombards utter strangers with questions such as: "What was the whistle for then? Funny sort of Ref., this?" "Did you see who did that—and what did he do, anyway?" And of your charity, and a very natural desire to impart knowledge to an inferior, you have to take your eyes from a swiftly moving game to enlighten him, and so miss the scoring of somebody's excellent try.

And the old gentleman, in a faded muffler and bowler hat, who pays a bob and stands on the terrace, smoking a bent briar tempestuously, eyes glued gloomily to the game, and naught else. He does not know, or care, what a "knock-on," or "touch-in-goal" means. For the *finesse* of the game he cares naught.

But he has closed prematurely the little newsagent-and-tobacconist's shop in the Mortlake High Street for his invariable Saturday afternoon excitement. He acknowledges, in a dumb, incoherent manner, that he is watching the thirty best players in England at the final Trial Match, but *why* they are better than the West Hartlepool Wanderers, who played on this ground last Saturday, he has no clear idea. He refers to most of the Harlequin team, whose ground it is, by their Christian or nick-names when discussing them, over very strong tea, in the parlour behind the shop after a club game. But order him to journey to Stamford Bridge to see Chelsea play Middlesborough, and he would pay you pieces of silver to be excused. "No. Rugby's the game!"

You see, also, Japanese gentlemen in large numbers at Rugger matches nowadays. They all look exactly alike, and behave alike. They might all have been manufactured off the same stamping. They sit, perfectly stolid and immovable, behind rather large spectacles, expressionless, unenthusiastic, inscrutable. And yet no movement of the game escapes them. When a man is carried off the field, hurt, a faint tolerant grin hovers about their mouths for a moment; but only for a moment. Perhaps it is because in this respect the game is reminiscent of their own national pastime, Jiu-Jitsu—who knows? They would never say.

And then, of course, the ladies—but the ladies at a Rugger match require a page all to themselves next week.

They are such an interesting subject.

Colonel Bogey-Bogey

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A TRAGEDY OF TOO MUCH VIM

A Nasty Nerve

BY BERT THOMAS

YANKEE DENTIST (*after dragging his patient round the room in an effort to draw a tooth*): "Say bo'—d'ye mind coming back on Friday? My correspondence lesson on extraction don't come along till Thursday"

The Discussions of Potash & Perlmutter

By Montague Glass

No. VII.

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

"I SEE in the papers, Mawruss, where a millionaire out in San Francisco figured to himself in making his will that the world was a hotel where he had been boarding for sixty odd years, y'understand, and before checking out, Mawruss, he tipped everybody that he thought had helped to make his stay a pleasant one. Shoeblacks, cooks, chambermaids, waiters and bartenders were mentioned in it, and he even remembered an actress with a few thousand dollars on account he had enjoyed seeing her performance at a theayter once," Abe Potash remarked to his partner, Morris Perlmutter.

"Once is a big average considering the kind of shows I seen it for $2.50 an orchestra seat this year, Abe," Morris observed, "but even so, Abe, if I was a millionaire making my will, I should consider I had been soaked enough for tips in my lifetime, not to say nothing about charges for couvert, attendance and service, and I should give a couple of orphan asylums or a college or two a look-in on my estate."

"Well, so many millionaires are leaving their money to orphan asylums that pretty soon orphan asylums will have to advertise for orphans, and as for colleges, Mawruss, every day the requirements for admission to a college is getting so much higher in the way of social position and family, y'understand, that it wouldn't surprise me in the least if I should see any morning an advertisement in the paper reading:

BRICK and stone college buildings for Sale, located in the best part of Cambridge, Mass., suitable for foundry, iron works, machine shop, garage or any similar purpose. First reasonable offer accepted. Apply on premises from 9 to 6 daily. Ask for Mr. Lowell.

"So, therefore, Mawruss, it's up to millionaires to find some other way of leaving their money in their wills," Abe said. "Take, for instance, Mr. Ford, Mawruss, and when he makes his will he will have a splendid opportunity to show some little originality, which instead of founding just a few more colleges or hospitals of the same type as all the others, why couldn't he leave his money to a fund for putting up in every small and large town of the United States a handsome building to be known as

THE HENRY FORD MEMORIAL JAIL FOR SPEEDERS,

which you know how it used to be with Carnegie libraries: if Mr. Carnegie gave a library building to a town, it was up to the taxpayers to fill it with books, and it cost a lot of money to run the place, whereas with these here Henry Ford Memorial Jails, Mawruss, it would be no trouble at all to fill them with speeders, and them jails would practically run themselves out of the fines collected from the inmates."

"The fun comes in the codicil"

Bequests for Retiring Actors

"Say! There's lots of ways for a millionaire to leave his money which ain't been thought of before," Morris said. "I've been looking up wills and bequests in the newspapers for I don't know how many years, Abe, and I never yet seen it a millionaire who left a trust fund of which the income was to be applied to finishing the musical education of young people. The way such a trust fund would work would be to leave the matter to the neighbours of the musical student, and if they thought his musical education ought to be finished, and finished quick, y'understand, five hundred dollars should be paid to the student, upon condition that he never touched a musical instrument or sang another note as long as he lived."

"For that matter, Mawruss, why couldn't some millionaire leave a sum in his will to his executors for the purpose of retiring actors?" Abe asked.

"There is already an Actors' Fund for retiring old actors," Morris said.

"Not *old* actors, Mawruss," Abe said. "I mean *young* actors, and in particular young actors who brush their hair with Shinola and wear silver cigarette-cases in their lower vest pocket. Under the terms of such a will the actor to be retired should be met at the stage-door by a representative of the Fund, who

would hand him a new suit of clothes and fifty dollars with which to start life again."

"But as long as there are so many of those young bad actors, Abe, why not have some millionaire leave a large sum of money to found a school for actors," Morris remarked, "where they could be taught by competent teachers?"

"I don't believe anybody could teach them young actors acting, Mawruss," Abe said.

"Not acting," Morris retorted. "I mean plumbing and salesmanship and jobs like that. The will could also provide that in addition to actors the school should be open to writers of re-elastic novels which contain nothing fit to read aloud except the words, 'Copyright, 1923.'"

"Well, as far as such writers is concerned, Mawruss, I am in favour of wills which provides that the income from the trust fund shall be paid to the widow for life after the writer is shot," Abe said, "and this particular fund might also apply to artists who paint pictures which looks like somebody wearing a blank canvas had sat down heavily on a dozen lead tubes of assorted oil paints, y'understand."

The Fun Comes in the Codicil

"There's no doubt, Abe, that a millionaire could find a whole lot of amusement nights in doping out up-to-the-minute ideas in trust funds, legacies and bequests," Morris said. "For instance, Mr. Ford could get quite a kick out of leaving a few thousand dollars to the School of Political Science in the University of Michigan for the purpose of founding a professorship to be known as the *Truman H. Newberry Chair of Cost Accounting*. But to my mind, Abe, the fun which a millionaire has in doping out legacies don't come so much out of the will by which he gives the legacy as out of the codicil by which he revokes it. Now if I would be a millionaire, y'understand, I would leave a hundred thousand dollars in my will to my wife's brother, Sol, and cut it down in my codicil to a box of twenty-five Regalia de Ginsburg Perfectos. I would also direct my lawyer to say: 'I make no other provision for my said brother-in-law, as I figure that he has already smoked on me during my lifetime 750,000 imported and domestic cigars in assorted sizes without loosening up for so much as a Wheeling stogy even.'"

"Furthermore, Abe," Morris continued, "I would leave to my wife's sister, Mrs. Bella Gittleman, a hundred thousand dollars in my will as a mark of appreciation of the way the said Bella Gittleman has given me over nine hundred times the full details of just how she felt before going under the ether in connection with two operations for appendicitis, one of them being performed after practically every surgeon in Mount Hebron Hospital had refused to have anything to do with the case on account of peritonitis having set in. I would then by my codicil revoke the legacy without any explanation whatsoever and let it go at that."

"Most people make wills as though they were going to live to enjoy the disappointment of their heirs after they are dead, Mawruss," Abe commented.

"Well, anyhow, in the great majority of cases, people who make wills show a great deal more consideration for their money than the people they leave it to," Morris said. "Take Old Man Borrochson, for instance, and I see that in his will, which was filed last week, he left a hundred thousand dollars to his wife, but so that he could be sure his hundred thousand dollars wouldn't get treated cruelly by a step-father, he directed that it should go to an orphan asylum in case his wife remarried."

"At that you can't blame Borrochson," Abe declared. "He had no children of his own, and he spent a lifetime raising, so to speak, a family of high-grade securities, Mawruss, which no delicate child nowadays can get sick as suddenly and dangerously as a gilt-edged railroad bond, so that, really and truly, what Borrochson was trying to do by his will was to see that his investments was taken care of by his widow, and not that his widow should be taken care of by his investments."

Gifts to Railroads Conscience Money

"After all, Abe, maybe that San Francisco millionaire did the right thing in leaving his estate to a bunch of waiters, bartenders and chambermaids, because the way millionaires nowadays gets so sentimental in the newspapers about the way the poor railroads nebich has suffered from government ownership and strikes, I wouldn't be in the least surprised if pretty soon some of our prominent millionaires who gets interviewed so often about the railroads, would make wills leaving all their estates, both real and personal, to the N.Y.C. and H.R.R., the Pennsylvania System, the C. B. and Q., the Santa Fé Route and the Union Pacific to be divided between them share and share alike," Morris said.

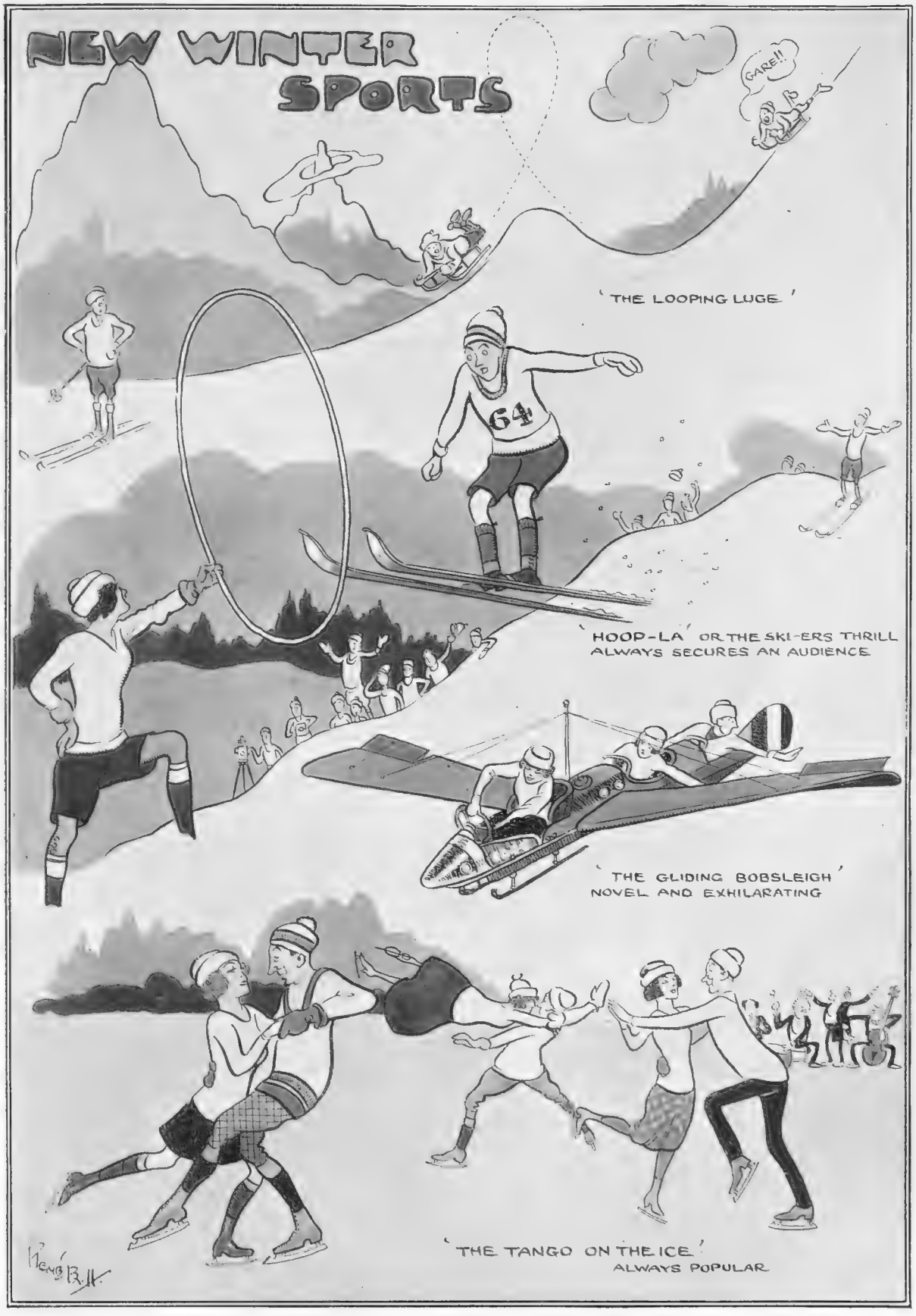
"And it would only be conscience money at that," Abe concluded.

By Fleming Williams

A QUESTION OF PROCEDURE

She: "Why does he do that?"
He: "You see, he is a lawyer, and is so used to making a careful study of his lies"

Done in the Best Circles—



BY RENÉ BULL

—Though Not Necessarily By the Best!

Photograph *G. P. U.*

BLACKHEATH v. HARLEQUINS

Blackheath put up a fine game and ceded only one try to their famous rivals—and that a very doubtful one. But with a three-quarter line much below strength, Blackheath couldn't get going, although the forwards got possession in four out of every five scrums

SPORT *of the* WEEK

As seen by the Camera

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT THE FOOT OF PINK HILL

A group of competitors awaiting their turn in the Public Schools Motor Cycle Trials. The Inter-Schools Championship was won by the Rugby team, a member of which, J. H. L. Vogt, also won the Individual Championship

Photograph *Barratt*

ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN

A new portrait of W. J. A. Davies who led England against the Welsh last Saturday.

Photograph *Sport and General*

UNIVERSITY GOLF

A group of competitors at Rye. Second from the right is E. W. E. Holderness who beat Tolley by 2 holes in the Final Round, thereby winning the Kirkaldy Putter for the fourth year

Photograph *G.P.A.*

THÉ DANSANT À LA SUISSE

Miss Whitaker, the American skater, and her partner exhibiting new steps at the Palais de Danse at St. Moritz

Photograph *Sport and General*

B. G. D. RUDD

Of Oxford and South Africa, to whom a presentation has been made by all who trod the cinder-track with him at Oxford when he was up

Photograph *Alfieri*

SKI WINNERS

Left to right are: Capt. Fiskin, R.F.A., Squadron-Cmdr. Walser and Capt. Odling, first, second and third respectively in the race for the Navy, Army and Air Force Ski Challenge Cup at Wengen

Photograph *Sport and General*

HERE BEGINNETH THE FIRST LESSON

The Oxford crew at their first practice—adding a "sauce piquant" to the "gigot de mouton froid" of life, as a recently published book hath it. And a very palatable sauce it is, too

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

One of the Right Sort

MR. C. BOWER ISMAY has reasonable hopes of seeing his colours in due course carried conspicuously in the Grand National by King Solitude. This young horse seems to possess every qualification for success over the Aintree country. He has exceptional size and power. Apparently he stays well, and he showed us at Newbury last week that he revels in the work of topping the fences. When I saw him win his first hurdle race nearly two months ago I marked him down as a sure winner over the bigger obstacles, and Aubrey Hastings has had no difficulty in teaching him the game. I predict a great steeplechasing career for King Solitude. Few sportsmen have striven more persistently to win the highest honours of National Hunt sport than Mr. Ismay. Balscadden put up a gallant show for him in the Grand National, finishing strongly after falling. Jacobus did even better. It now remains for King Solitude to do the trick. The young horse could not be in better hands.

Through the Fog

IT was no joke groping one's way through London in the fog in an endeavour to catch one of the specials to Newbury on its opening day. I was one of those who arrived at Paddington too late. I found myself in excellent company, for on the platform I met Robert Gore, who was looking anxious, because he had a horse running in the fourth race. Then there were the Epsom trainers, J. M. Bell and "Teddy" Martin, accompanied by that prince of hurdle-race jockeys, George Duller. More than an hour late, we all got away by the ordinary train, and actually arrived in time to see the third race. This could not have been accomplished but for the courtesy of the Great Western officials, who, realising the plight of fog-bound late-comers, obligingly stopped the train for a moment at the race-course station. It was a kindly action which gained the appreciation of all those concerned, and shows how mindful the G.W.R. people are of the interests of their race-going patrons.

Newbury Sport

GORE did not have any luck with his horse that day, but Jim Bell had the satisfaction of saddling a winner in Gasper, who is building a great reputation over hurdles. Such a neatly named animal as Gasper—he is by Cigar out of Doubtful—deserves to do well. He was a disappointment on the flat, but in the magical hands of J. M. Bell he is thriving amazingly over the sticks.

Nothing Wrong With Drake

HARRY COTTRILL, fresh from assiduously hunting the fox from Melton Mowbray, turned up at Newbury on the second day. It was reassuring to get from him a glowing account of Drake, for reports to the detriment of the colt had appeared in the Press. Cottrill tells me that the crack three-year-old could not possibly be doing better, but as to whether he will train on into a classic winner Harry, like a wise fellow, will not commit himself. The second day's sport at Newbury was even better than the first. We had two grand finishes, first for the Winchester Steeplechase and then for the big hurdle race. I thought that Old Tay Bridge was well beaten after clearing the last jump, but he struggled on so well that he got his head in front at last. Congratulations to Captain Bennet on the excellent race he rode on this occasion. Also to Frank Wootton, who was seen at his strongest and best when he fairly lifted Precious in front of North Waltham. This week-end **Forest Fire** may win the Kempton Park Hurdle Race, and I look for the success of **Keep Cool** in the Cranford Steeplechase.

By "THE TOUT"

STANLEY WOOTTON

Once a famous light-weight jockey, now firmly established as a trainer. His stables are at Treadwell House, Epsom, whence "Old Man" Wootton sent forth so many winners. Stanley has a big string, and among them some useful looking two-year olds, some of which are owned by Sir Edward Hulton, an old patron of the stable

HUNTING NOTES

BY A. W. COATEN

The Latest Changes

RESIGNATIONS continue to be notified each week, and there seems likely to be the usual number of readjustments necessary before the beginning of the next hunting season. One readjustment has, in fact, been already accomplished. I recently heard on the best authority that the Earl of Essex, whose resignation from the Mastership of the North Herefordshire was announced some time back, will join Mr. G. C. W. Fitzwilliam in the Milton country, and will hunt hounds. Mr. Fitzwilliam has had various associates in the Mastership of the Milton pack, and on the retirement of Mr. Stanley Brotherhood last year it was announced that Mr. J. Pickersgill, from the Galway "Blazers," would become the Joint-Master, but this arrangement subsequently fell through, and Mr. Fitzwilliam has carried on alone during the present season, with A. Redfern carrying the horn.

Photograph *Photo Illust.*

WITH THE ERIDGE AT BAYHAM ABBEY

The Marchioness Camden, with her father, Lord Henry Nevill, the M.F.H., and her youngest son, Lord Roderic Pratt, at the Eridge Meet at Bayham Abbey, Lamberhurst, Lord Camden's country seat

South Herefordshire Vacant

NEXT comes the retirement of the Earl of Essex's neighbour in South Herefordshire, Mr. H. A. Clive, who took over the reins

Photograph *Topical*

YOUTH AND ENTHUSIASM—WITH THE CHESHIRES

A merry group at Calveley Hall, including the Hon. Barbara and the Hon. Isolde Grosvenor (cousins to the Duke of Westminster), Miss Pole-Carew and Miss Wignall. The Cheshire Hunt Ball took place last week at the Grosvenor Hotel, Chester, after a good run and kill at Bulkeley

Photograph *B. I.*

WITH THE BEAUFORT NEAR BADMINTON

Lady Cranborne (on horseback) and Lady Avice Menzies at a recent meet

of office in 1919, and in 1921 was joined by Mr. R. E. Pritchard, who coincidentally assumed the Mastership of the Ross Harriers, which hunt also in South Herefordshire. This he retains but he gave up the foxhounds last season, since when Mr. Clive has carried on by himself. The two packs, by the way, have been known to run into one another, so to speak, while hunting on the same day, and followers of both will perhaps remember the foxhounds' best run in the 1919-20 season, from St. Weonard's Gorse to Aconbury, when the harriers merged with the foxhounds during the course of the hunt.

And South Shropshire

THEN the news comes that owing to ill-health Lieut.-General Sir E. A. H. Alderson will stand down from the South Shropshire at the end of the season. Sir Edwin succeeded the late Mr. S. H. Christy in 1914, and has proved a popular Master. A good level sort of season was experienced last year. This distinguished soldier is firmly of opinion that as a school for soldiering you cannot beat hunting, and besides writing an excellent book on the subject (*Pink and Scarlet*) he has encouraged the soldier to hunt wherever he has been stationed—and he has seen service all over the globe. He hunted the Shorncliffe Draghounds for two seasons, and the Staff College Draghounds for one, while abroad he was Master of the Cape Jackal, the Salisbury Hounds, and Alderson's Hounds, Pretoria, and a pack in India. All of which argues great keenness and considerable experience, two qualities which are very desirable indeed in a Master of Foxhounds. If the keenness is there the experience is sometimes lacking in an amazing degree; and if I were to tell you a certain story about that you would perhaps decline to believe me—and not very politely, either! However, we may reasonably assume that South Shropshire will be sorry to lose General Alderson, who, incidentally, will be sixty-four years of age in April next. A. W. C.

Photograph] **THE BLUE AND BUFFS AGAIN** *[L. N. A.*

Lady Diana Somerset, Lord Darlington (brother-in-law of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon) and Blanche, Countess of St. Germans, at the meet of the Beaufort at Longtree Barn. The Prince of Wales, who has often hunted with the Beaufort this winter, attended their Hunt Ball at Chippenham last week with Prince Henry. A special floor was laid in the Town Hall for the occasion, much to the joy of the five or six hundred guests present

January Thrills

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

I can hear through the telephone the voices of New York"

LONDON, *January* 22

DEAR COUSIN—

LIFE'S simply fearf'ly thrilling these days—have you noticed? There's something in the air, methinks. Not merely the lit'ral way, I mean—though even there, seems a sort of stirring now and then that sets your heart a-beating and makes you come all over of a glow like.

WHEN you wake quite early in the morning, f'rinstance, or what *feels* early this time of year anyway, and hear the birds singing brightly and cheerily before it's light. And greeting the dawn from their rain-soaked branches for all the world as if it was Spring—as I'spect they think it *is*. Can't blame 'em either, when we get such perfectly good imitations of it, just in bursts and from time to time, here in England now.

'COURSE *you* know, being so superiorly human, that it'll prob'ly be snow and ice, and all your thickest woollies to-morrow... But not sure the darling silly little things aren't doing the Mary touch all the time and choosing the better part. After all, why *shouldn't* it be real Spring, and celebrated as such, even if it only lasts a day, and happens just once in a while, like Sundays? Much too slavish we are, really, 'bout conventions, and so on—'stead of just taking things as they come, and living everything the *way* it comes.

JUST think how much more 'citing it would be too, *par exemple*, if we waited till every day arrived before 'ciding whether it was Spring, Summer, Autumn, or Winter. And what to wear and do, accordingly. Furs and velvet, and a matinée and dance-tea one day, and chiffon and a summer hat and a picnic the next. You *could* do it, you know, in this quite too fascinatingly versatile climate of ours, if only you'd got the strength of mind.

OPPORTUNISM—that's what they call it, I b'lieve, isn't it? And seem to imagine they've finally and unanswerably ticked or told 'em off for-ever-and-ever-amen when they've said it of anyone, like Mr. Lloyd George, f'rinstance—the dull and respectable and altogether excellent people who want us to sleep, wake, eat, drink, talk, think, and do everything in the wide wide world by rule, I mean. And it's the exc'lent and respectable and altogether dull people who generally win, isn't it, alas?

NOT win real wars, I don't mean. Then, somehow, it rather seems to be the rash and unreliable opportunist kind of persons who make the big rush for the front seats, and do what they call the Lion's Share in putting things through, what? But they *have* rather a way, too, of getting wiped out one way or another while doing it, don't they? And then the D.R.E.'s or E.R.D.'s step up smartly again from somewhere in the background, and come once more into their own. . . .

'NODD life, is not it? But oh, as we have already remarked, perfectly frightfully and excitingly full of thrills. Which seem to give one that lively sort of kind of come-over-all-of-a-sudden feeling right up the spine all the more intensely and enthrallingly, somehow, 'cos of being rather unexpected in these grey days of Jan. When we should by rights, I s'pose, be resting on our oars, so to speak, and reflecting on the wickedness of life and making all manner of good plans and resolutions for the coming year or twelvemonth.

"The White Knight soda fountain at the Cecil"

BEING, though (I very much fear) a bit on the Opportunist side meself, haven't got one single good or otherwise resolush. to start off the year with, all of my own. But there's lots of other people's to go on with that'll do quite nicely instead, thank you—and not *all* the mere pious-hope kind that don't always altogether materialise in cold hard fact, either. Duke of York's, f'rinstance. To get married. And a very good sort of resolution,

(*Continued on page 222*)

We Offer

One Tube Free to Every Home

Simply mail the coupon. It will bring you a 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to try.

For your sake and your family's sake, make this delightful test. Show them the quick results. It will mean in your home a new era in teeth cleaning.

This is a Tale

Now told by millions, in many tongues

Careful people of some fifty nations have found a new way to clean teeth. It means prettier teeth, whiter, better teeth, and users delight to tell their friends.

Leading dentists everywhere also urge its use. The result is that millions now enjoy benefits which every home should know.

It combats film

This method combats the film on teeth—those viscous coats you feel. Film is what makes teeth dingy. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and remains. It absorbs stains, then forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth, and the acids may cause decay.

Most tooth troubles have a potential origin in film. Old brushing methods could not effectively combat it. Tooth troubles were constantly increasing, and beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

Two new methods

Dental science, after long research, found two ways to fight film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then dentists everywhere began to advise their use. A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. In five years it has come into world-wide adoption, largely through dental advice.

Other factors

Pepsodent has other factors quite as important. It multiples the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids which may cause tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents. Pepsodent twice daily gives them manifold effect. These combined results are bringing about a new era in teeth cleaning.

Delightful effects

The Pepsodent effects are delightful. One quickly sees and feels them. Even one week shows results which no careful person will wish to go without.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

The test will be a revelation. Cut out the coupon now.

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TRADE MARK

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans, and protects the teeth without use of harmful grit.

Sold in two sizes—1/3 and 2/-.

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name .....

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Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family. Bystander, 24/1/23

"JANUARY THRILLS" (*concluded*)

too, 'specially with the charming bride he's chosen, what?

卐

AND 'nother not at all bad one is London-in-general's, apparently—every day in every way to dance more and more. In the Palm Court at the Cecil, *par exemple*, where there's not only a good floor and a bright-and-breezy band, but the wonderfullest and *whitest* soda-fountain ever, with fox-trot sundaes and all sorts of other marvellous contraptions, with ices and fruit and things in 'em, all served from the dinkiest little white porcelain and silver machines you ever saw.

卐

JUST invented a perfectly good new dance-place, they have, too, at the celebrated Popular Café that Lyons run, along Piccadilly way. Where now we can have a five-course supper, and dance, and watch the world's champions, Victor Silvester and Phyllis Clarke, showing us how—and all for the total cost, if you'll b'lieve me, of a mere paltry four bob! Confess *I* simply can't guess, anyway, how it's done. And methinks soon they'll have to station stalwart sentinels at the doors just to keep the people out!

"Dance place at Lyons' Popular Café"

卐

AND at Queen's Hall they've started a quite new Cabaret show that's even better than the last in spite of the L.C.C. restrictions and the kill-joy attempts to stifle cheeriness. And I've just heard of a big Punch and Judy Ball there's to be at the Savoy on Thursday of next week for the British Drama League, where they're going to give some most intriguing prizes for fancy dresses and have a "lucky ticket" draw and all sorts of nice things. And then, of course, on February 7 comes the great Chelsea Arts Ball at the good old Alb. Hall, with the North Pole as the centre of attraction and the orchestra, I'm told, all dressed as penguins. Keeping the ball rolling *fairly* well to give the New Year its first push off, aren't we?

"On the Riviera"

卐

EVEN got a Royal Academy show on, we have, and quite a new kind of one, too. Decorative art they call it, and there's all sorts of nice decorative things there at Burlington House, from furniture to bookbindings and jewellery to designs for your bedroom walls. Quite a lot of decorative people there were, too, at the Private View, when most of us spent half our time staring at the 'straordinary huge great tapestry by Charles Sims, with women in it 'bout half-a-dozen times life-size at the very least.

卐

NOTICED among them—the starers, I mean, a number of the Americans who seem to be visiting us just now in positive droves, partly, I s'pose, 'cos of the new help-out-poor-old-Europe stunt that 'Pres. Harding's running. Anyway, one can't help *hearing* 'em around—not that 'parently their mere bodily presence is necessary for that, these wireless days. When, seems, you can hear through the telephone not only the voices but, as one scribe significantly adds, the coughing of men in New York. Heartening thought, isn't it, for these just occasionally rather cheerless January days?

卐

THOUGH even here in England we do get, don't we, as aforementioned, some perfectly good samples of Spring now and then? And in the Riviera, I hear, they've been revelling in delectable days of blue sky and golden sunshine—those fortunate ones who are over there seeing in what is, I s'pose, just about the real start in earnest of the season in the fascinating Côte d'Azure.

卐

AND they're talking of taking ninepence off the income tax, and giving us sixpenny taxis, and the Co-optimists have put on a new show, and George Robey's coming to Covent Garden ('stead of the opera) this week with a whole bevy of Russian dancers in his suite. . . . no lack of nice January thrills just to be going on with, what?

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Born 1820——*Still going Strong!*

HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 20

APSLEY HOUSE, HYDE PARK CORNER: Built by the Brothers Adam in 1771-78 *for Lord Apsley, it was presented by the Nation to the Iron Duke in* 1820.

Johnnie Walker: "Good evening, Iron Duke. Apsley House is still Number One, Piccadilly."

Shade of the Duke of Wellington: "Yes, and you are still Number One, Favourite Scotch."

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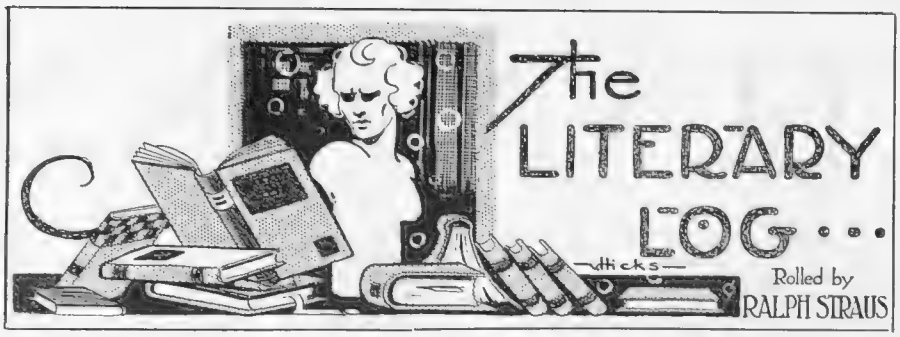


SOME BOOKS BY WOMEN

PROBABLY no painting ever created such a sensation on its first exhibition as did Lady Butler's "Roll Call." She was Elizabeth Thompson at the time, and enjoyed the satisfaction, shared by so few people, of really waking up one morning to find herself famous. The story of that picture and its successors is told in detail for the first time by its painter in *An Autobiography* (Constable: 18*s.* net), and it reads like an exciting romance. Lady Butler, however, has had other interests in life besides painting. She married a distinguished soldier, and has had adventures all over the world, and her book, with its delightful drawings, covers a wide ground. More might have been expected in its pages of her sister, Alice Meynell, but there is a pathetic note inserted which fully explains any omission in that respect. The painter took a legitimate delight in her own successes, but the poet fought shy of all publicity, and begged her sister to "reduce the mention of her name throughout the book."

OF late years there has been appearing in Miss May Sinclair's work a touch of the abnormal, which has been regretted by some of her admirers, and this same touch is not absent from her latest story, *Anne Severn and the Fieldings* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). In this case, however, no one will regret its inclusion, for the book is startlingly alive and powerful and absorbingly interesting from beginning to end. There is no need to tell you the plot: it is enough to say that the young Anne is brought up with a family which contains three brothers, all of whom love Anne in their own particular way. The War intervenes to bring about an unusual drama in the family. One of the brothers is shell-shocked, and must be nursed, and no one will nurse him but Anne. Another, connecting Anne in his mind with suffering, marries Maisie Durham. A third is a doctor who understands the strange courses which modern neuroses can pursue. But you do not mind these psychological affairs when they help to build up so splendid a book, which I can heartily recommend as possibly its writer's best story.

ANOTHER novel, of equal power, which also takes stock of the new psychological theories, is Miss Leonora Eyles's new book, *Hidden Lives* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). In many ways this is an amazing book with some unforgettable scenes. It is almost painfully outspoken—the most dramatic story of a woman-doctor set down to slave in the slums, who begins to realise that she is a woman as well as a healer. Helen Clevion's career, you may find yourself thinking at times, is too cruel to be true. The madness of her priest-lover, the appalling death of her child, the punishment for her "unprofessional conduct"—all, you may tell yourself, are too hideously unfair: yet, reading on, you accept them. Miss Eyles has written a particularly fine and brave book which I have not the least doubt will cause as much admiration amongst those who are not afraid to look at things as they are, as it will produce clatter and rumpus amongst those who prefer to look at life through rose-coloured glasses.

A MOTTO TO TAKE BACK TO SCHOOL

Little Eileen Orton, one of Miss Italia Conti's clever child actresses in "Where the Rainbow Ends," as "Miss 1923," gave to her audience of happy children a cheering message on New Year's Day:—

"'Gainst Dragons' lies we war will wage,
And Truth in us will find a backer,
And let it be but on the stage
That English boys will play the slacker"

OF an entirely different nature is Princess Bibesco's *Balloons* (Hurst and Blackett: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), a collection of short sketches and stories which might at a first glance seem to be the merest trifles. They exhibit life and love and pleasure and pain in a way of their own, and quite considerable effects are obtained by a method which is itself hardly noticed at all. It is as though the canvas had been touched very lightly, but with a brush that was particularly sure of itself. And although these sketches are by no means of equal merit, they leave an impression of good and very gracious work.

A NEW volume in Mr. Fisher-Unwin's First Novel Library always rouses keen expectations. Miss Joanna Cannan's book, *The Misty Valley* (7*s.* 6*d.* net) fully earns its place. It is in the first place, very delicately written, and the author's personality does not remain, as so often happens, hidden behind other people's writings. She says things in her own way. In the second place, the story she tells, while not very original, is likeable. It is not difficult to imagine an artist's daughter, brought up amongst folk who care not a farthing for the conventions, falling in love with a man who can "get things done." But marriage with him, which includes all the usual domesticities, is another thing. In this case the girl goes away to Paris to paint. Love, however, has a way of interfering even with painting, and when she returns—well, Miss Cannan has devised her own solution, and most readers will thank her for it, even if they believe it to be unduly convenient.

THE Bungalow Mystery (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is the first book of Annie Haynes. It is a detective story on the usual lines, readable enough, although the hand of the amateur appears now and then. A murder, and mysterious young women, and a nice doctor-man who helps beauty in distress, all lead the way to the usual trial. But the baronet is not really wicked, and the detective is not altogether a fool.

BUCHANAN'S

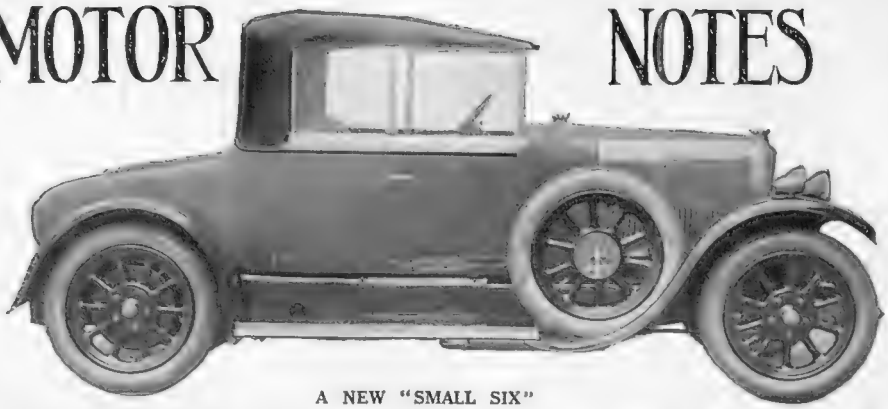
SCOTCH WHISKY

"BLACK & WHITE"

is of the Highest Standard of Quality both at Home and Abroad.

James Buchanan & Co., Ltd., are enabled to maintain this owing to their holding—with their Associated Companies—the Largest Stocks of fine old matured Scotch Malt Whiskies.

MOTOR NOTES



A NEW "SMALL SIX"

The Lorraine-Dietrich, a 15-22 h.p. six-cylinder now on view at Messrs. Eustace Watkins, Ltd., 91, New Bond Street

AMONG the four-seated all-weather type of motor carriage, the coachwork fitted to the 15-22 h.p. six-cylinder Lorraine-Dietrich deserves a reference, because the manner in which the windows and fittings disappear to give an open touring car is not only ingenious, but provides a nice appearance to the carriage. This may be seen by anybody interested at 91, New Bond Street, where Eustace Watkins, Ltd., the concessionaires of this French production, have their showrooms. This is one of the new "small sixes" now being rated at 21 h.p. for taxation purposes—with its six cylinders of 75 mm. by 130 mm. bore and stroke respectively. It is also one of the chassis which fits large oil holes, closed by steel ball cups, and kept in position by means of wire springs, so gives no trouble to the individual in attending to the lubrication of brake shafts and other such details. Overhead valves, Delco electric lighting, starting and battery ignition, cantilever rear springs, and clean rear axle and torque tube provide a very up-to-date chassis in this car.

* * *

NOTHING can withstand the progress of the motor vehicle, neither sandy deserts, nor rough rocky country, though I do not suppose the ordinary tourist wishes to test his vehicle as violently as the Citroën cars have been recently. For five Citroën 11 h.p. cars, fitted with the Kegresse-Hinstin caterpillar tractor attachment on the rear wheels, have crossed the Sahara Desert. Practically, this means they have motored from Algiers to Timbuctoo after a 300 miles' journey through a waterless desert cut off from civilisation, where even wireless does not reach.

* * *

THE occasion of this unique and splendid feat in motoring deserves the highest praise, because it has demonstrated that such a small engine (as that with which the 11 h.p. Citroën cars are fitted) develops sufficient power—suitably geared down and provided with its chainless self-laying track—to go anywhere. Our French friends are to be congratulated on the accomplishment and its great commercial and military value. The Haardt Audouin-Dubreuill Mission has proved this fact, and, doubtless, will reap a suitable reward in opening a new trading route.

* * *

LEAVING the town of Tugurt, in Algeria, on December 17, the expedition reached Wagala, an oasis 120 miles to the south, on the same day. On the afternoon of December 19 the five Citroën cars arrived at the French military post of Hassi Inifel, 220 miles further on. Thence the cars proceeded to In-Salah, where the French have their most distant wireless station in the Sahara Desert. This was reached on December 22, and a rest was taken here for two days before crossing the desert of Tanesruft, or Land of Thirst. This is a stony desert, without any water possibilities except what the cars carried with them, and arrived at Kidal, another of the French outposts in the wilderness. By reaching this spot the very worst was over, but there still remained the journey from Kidal to Burem, another French military post near the Niger River, and from thence to Timbuctoo. This last 500 miles or so was successfully travelled, and now, if you please, the Citroën cars and their enthusiastic drivers and officials of the Mission are contemplating a return to Algiers across the desert by the same route! Everybody interested in motoring will wish them the best of luck on their return journey, and we will all eagerly await news of their safe arrival.

* * *

IRELAND always wants to be different from England, so motorists there are now to pay their horse-power rating tax to the Free State Government on a total cubic capacity of the cylinders in place of the diameter ratio and the number of cylinders which is the method in England, Scotland, Wales and Ulster. The ratio taken by the Irish Free State is: 160 cubic centimetres of cylinder capacity = 1 h.p., for which a yearly tax of £1 has to be paid. As there are more Ford cars than any other make running on the roads in the Free State, this new scale of horse-power rating can be said to be devised for their benefit, as in place of paying £23 per annum under English horse-power rating, these cars will now pay £18 per annum under Irish Free State rating. Many English cars will also benefit, as owners of Rolls-Royces save £3 on the annual tax, while Morris-Cowley and 8 h.p. Rovers save £2, though, of course, some cars have to pay more. The 22 h.p. rated Chevrolet also benefits to the tune of £4 per annum. In a list of fifty-two cars issued by the Irish Free State Ministry of Local Government thirty-one will pay smaller duties ranging from £1 to £5, while thirteen will pay an increased rate from £1 to £6, the balance of eight cars paying the same as under the English rating.

OLD HY.

FIT FOR A PRINCE

A beautiful 40 h.p. Lanchester, especially built for Prince Ranjitsinhji

Half a Horse!

IN our issue of November 15 we published a photograph of the Raleigh combination motor-bicycle and side-car, which we described as developing 2¼ horse-power. We have, unfortunately, mislaid half a horse somewhere—this well-known machine being 2½ h.p.

ROLLS-ROYCE

An Expert Opinion of the New **20** *h.p. Car.*

"A **POSITIVELY electrical acceleration** . . . . the new car simply streams away from the mark. **On top, the engine picks up from a standstill as does that of no other luxury car.**

"What I saw of its performance, suggested that it yields **its magnificent performance** at no greater fuel-cost than is entailed in running plenty of cars of considerably less power."

The Evening News, December 5th, 1922.

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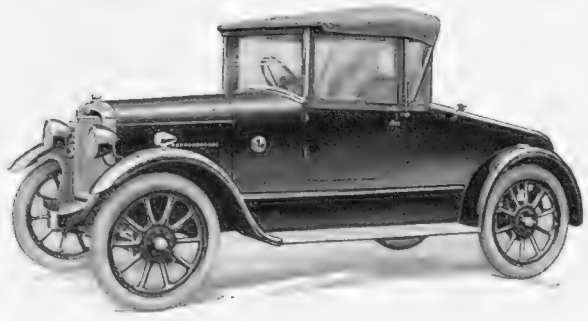
Telegrams: *Rolhead, Piccy, London.* • *Telephone:* *Mayfair* 6040 *(4 lines).*



Look Into This

If you are not familiar with the Overland—its reliability—the secret of the remarkable riding comfort, and the records of petrol and oil consumption; and if you require a smart looking and serviceable car that will give lasting service with lasting economy; a personal inspection of the British-Built Overland will be well worth while.

Send to-day for descriptive literature and arrange for a trial run.

BRITISH BUILT
2/3 SEATER
WITH DOUBLE
DICKEY
£350

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4-cylinder: 15 h.p. and 20 h.p.
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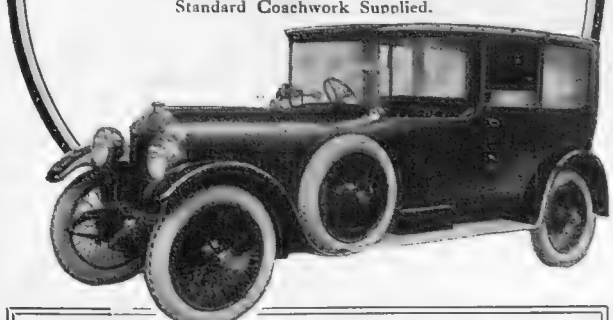
(With Four Wheel Brakes)
Standard Coachwork Supplied.



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BRISTOL & LONDON
ENGLAND.

The Cigarette with the Pedigree

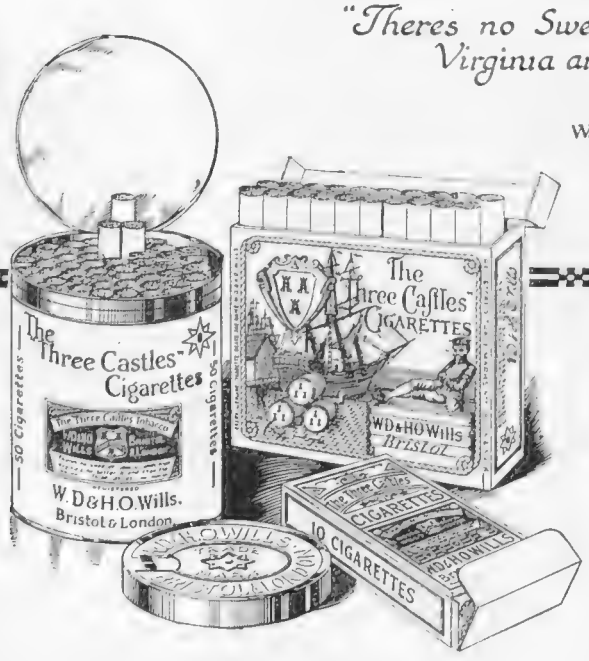
KING JAMES I.

Although King James granted Letters Patents to certain "firm and hearty lovers of Colonisation" for the purpose of Colonising that part of America commonly called Virginia" none can say he was a friend to the Early Tobacco Planters. for by Taxes. "Counterblastes" and Prohibitions he tried to crush his people's indulgence in Tobacco & smoking But the influence of the weed proved mightier than Kings. till Kings themselves are not ashamed to bow the knee before the Sign of the "Three Castles."

"Theres no Sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better Brand than the "THREE CASTLES"

W.M Thackeray "The Virginians"

TC 53



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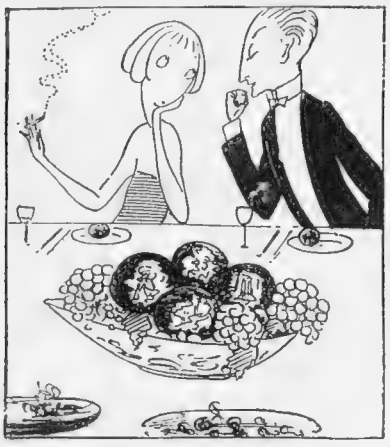
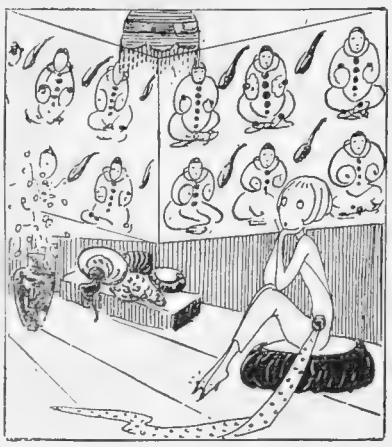


DEAR URSULA, *January 19th*
At our next dinner party of course we shall have apples with a picture cut in the peel on one side. And, just think—John is going to be there!—



PAM IN PARIS

This "Pierrot" wall-paper is all the rage. How truly wonderful is modern art! I sit and gaze at it for hours.—

I simply love these darling envelope linings, only it does make life more complicated. Whether to send the "passionate purple" to John or the "forget-me-not blue" is driving me distracted. PAMELA

"THERE'S NOTHING NEW . . ."

THE worst about all the clever things of this world is that they've all be said already. There's only this advantage. You can begin your remarks with a quotation, with an "as So-and-so has said," which absolves you from all responsibility. But it's not exactly encouraging when you have aspirations to be rather bright and original on your own. It's the same with all the arts. When you think you're painting after your own heart the critics discover that it's in some other artist's manner. And if music's your line your discords (no self-respecting musician goes in for harmony nowadays) are reminiscences from—it doesn't matter from whom; they're not yours, anyway. The last straw was those thrilling relics which they excavated out of Egyptian tombs, and rediscovered how much more civilised one was thousands of years ago, when we rather prided ourselves—but no matter. Is there nothing that hasn't been done before, and done better than we do it now? If so I'm hoping to find it, but it's a forlorn hope.

PERHAPS some day they'll discover the authentic robes of an authentic Cleopatra together with her authentic history. And it may be that they'll find that she was no super-vampire of vampires of diabolical beauty, but just a plain, virtuous (comparatively speaking) *bourgeoise* whose clothes were nothing to boast of, and whose adventures somebody went and invented to make things more interesting; which they've done, by the way, very effectively. A great asset to romance is Cleopatra, whether genuine or not, and perhaps the only thing in queens which we are not copying from the ancient models.

ABOUT those Cleopatrish clothes. If there exists a record of what the lady wore when she dallied with Cæsar, or Mark Anthony, I regret I haven't seen it. Naturally, one supposes that her get-up, what there was of it, must have been super-gorgeous. Could a woman with so magnificent a gift for the colossal in everything, from banquets to love-affairs and crimes, be seen in anything else, always supposing, of course, that Cleopatra was really Cleopatra? And that's where we come in again. We don't rise to the crimes, the banquets, and the love-affairs, but we do copy the clothes, or try to.

SUCH wonderful clothes they are, and, as usual, not an original garment among them. Cleopatra might have chosen her trousseau in Paris with ease. We specialize in the Egyptian touch, ankhs and scarabs and all. Only it's always a frivolous scarab made of rhinestones and crystals and paste, and an ankh in *diamanté*. The brocades that spell Egypt at the dressmaker's are miraculous things gleaming with silver and gold, and yet soft and supple as Indian muslin is supposed to be; shining with a radiance like that of a mother-o'-pearl cloud at sunrise. Surely the stuff that dreams are made of, and not mere dresses. And they sell all this beauty at the comparatively nominal price of two guineas a yard or so.

BUT I do wish that with all this magnificence at our disposal the dressmaker people would invent something really new. Perhaps it can't be done because, as I've said before, all the clever, all the beautiful things have been invented already. At one place they'll design you dresses *à la Cléopâtre*, only more so; at another they're strictly medieval, long-mittened sleeves, and girdle, and quaint head-dress, and all. Somewhere else they're Greek, as frankly Greek as they dare to be. The leading lights quote Keats on a Grecian Urn, and the leading ladies, no, I mean *mannequins*, walk in the beauty of white crêpe de Chine, like beautiful Greek statues; which is all very well in a show-room, but Heaven help the classically draped (it's done with safety pins) in a modern crush! Then there are the people who like nothing but the Renaissance, and its interesting sleeves, and others who prefer Velasquez with his flounces and his crinolines.

THE result ought to be chaos, but isn't, because the dressmaker people are clever at disguising their inspirations. They pour over them a mayonnaise sauce of modernity, so to speak, and we're only faintly Egyptian, medieval, and Spanish when they're done with us. It's a mercy they painted clothes so interestingly in the days we now delight to copy. Nowadays a painter see us all soul and character, with a mere smudge for a bodice CANDIDA

A Snow Idyll

Photograph G.P.U.

"KINGS OF THE CASTLE"

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Sketches by NICOLSON*

A BUSY time, this, for exhibitors of Dogs: National Terrier Club's Show yesterday; British Pekingese Club's at Manchester to-day; Pekingese Club's in London on Feb. 1; Croydon Show on Jan. 31; and just then, too, entries closing for Cruft's monster Exhibition.

I'm no great shakes on literature myself, but surely the correspondent who wrote in a daily paper last week: "It is singular that Robert Louis Stevenson, with all his love of outdoor life, never wrote a line about dogs," was poorly posted. What about his essay on "The Character of Dogs," in which, by the way, he rather libelled the whole race of bitches; by no means all of whom are compact of "carneying affectations." Then there is his poem to Dr. John Brown, all about the Dog, Rabbie, which you'll find in the new Dog Anthology, "The First Friend." Aiblins, too (if that's the right Scots of it), Stevenson's nurse, his beloved "Cummy," was a true Dog-lover, as you may tell from reference to the book called *I Can Remember Stevenson*, which explains that most of the dear old lady's letters referred to "Doggies," one saying, very movingly and truly: "They are the only friends who never grieve us till they leave us."

Those in authority could many a tale unfold regarding the queer shifts and sufferings of Dog-loving exiles who find themselves up against Britain's quarantine regulations. Whatever one's personal attitude in the matter of an odd box of cigarettes or hatfull of cigars, I think we're all agreed that the Dog-smuggler is a real criminal. But anyone who read the letters reaching me from readers on the Continent would assuredly be moved to sympathy for some of the hard cases of English folk who can't, or won't, leave their Dog pals, and may not enter England with 'em. One (of many) from the Riviera says:

> Surely you could wangle something for us and others like us. We would cheerfully pay fees, submit to any veterinary tests, bring certificates from vets. here, based on close personal knowledge of the Dog—any mortal thing you like; only let us bring him home.

Sober fact is, it can't possibly be wangled in any old way at all. There aren't any exceptions, barring Australia, New Zealand, and Jamaica—*islands* free from all trace of rabies, in which strict quarantine regulations are enforced—and they wouldn't be excepted, no matter how free from disease, if they didn't happen to be detached residences. Coming from continental countries, you can't evade quarantine; not even if you're a

—Or a Bloodhound!

duke or a cinema star, unless you merely wish to pass through England, *en route* for less favoured lands, in which case——. Well, address first the Board of Agriculture, for permits.

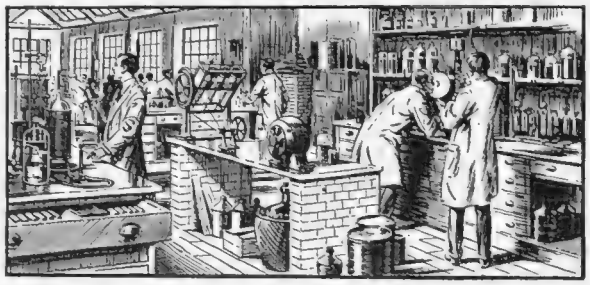
I suggest that O.D.F.L., the R.S.P.C.A., and such bodies should devote some funds and energy to informing the B.P. regarding the nature and scope of our *laws* against cruelty. In one of the best of the Sunday papers a lady contributor wrote of somebody who keeps a Dog chained up, howling all day and night; and added, sadly, "no one has the right to interfere." That is a most mischievous error. Legal interference *is* provided for; and on more than one count, too. Report any such case, *ek dum*—it's your bounden duty—to the R.S.P.C.A., for example. Some of the alleged Justices may be chuckle-headed doddereers—six months for stealing apples; three months for deliberately burning holes in a baby's skin, with cigarette-ends, and against a stove; a small fine for beating a Dog to death—but, at all events, the law *does* forbid and provide penalties for such offences as keeping a Dog continuously tied-up; and it's up to *you* to help its enforcement.

"But if you cannot spare the space, surely some of the journals devoted exclusively to animal interests should take up the matter of the representation of ladies on the Committee of the Kennel Club? Just consider the part played by women to-day in the breeding, showing, and general development of Dogs and their interests!"

With every deference to this and other correspondents, I *have* considered, and frequently acknowledged, what I regard as the quite invaluable importance of women's work and interest in Dogdom; and I can tell correspondents of one fine Dog journal, at all events, which most ardently and efficiently champions this cause: *The Dog World*. (See, particularly, such issues as September 1 and October 2, 1922, January 5, 1923, and *The Dog World's* really magnificent Christmas Number, a wonderful production.) I thought all doggy folk, in the South, anyhow, knew of its gallant fight for "*Place aux Dames*."

I always did believe in catholicity of taste, and feel pity for the fellow who can't smoke gaspers as well as Coronas, eat truffles as well as tripe, drink even Government beer as well as bubbly; but I was a bit startled by the recent advertisement for a "Bloodhound Dog Pup *or* Griffon." To love both, yes; but to advertise for one *or* t'other!

There'll be biggish Dog Shows during the next few months in Saint Raphael, Monte, Lyons, Montpellier, Rouen, Bernay, Lucerne, and Vienna.



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THE
BYSTANDER

No. 999.—Vol. LXXVII. Wednesday, January 24, 1923 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Well-kept grounds, including tennis lawn, flower beds and borders, fruit trees, productive kitchen garden and paddock, in all about 3 ACRES.

Would be SOLD with about 1¾ ACRES, FREEHOLD. POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

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Beautiful matured grounds, nicely timbered, and including tennis lawn, flower beds and borders, shady walks, and productive kitchen garden, in all about 5 ACRES. VACANT POSSESSION.

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Main water, electric light, telephone. Delightful gardens of 2 ACRES.

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CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1, and Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos

WILTS.—In a grand Hunting centre, delightful old FARMHOUSE RESIDENCE, charmingly decorated and in excellent order throughout, containing: lounge hall, billiard, and 2 reception rooms, bath, 6 bedrooms, and usual offices. Capital buildings. *Valuable grass farm of 200 Acres*, with 30 Acres woodland. Confidently recommended as result of inspection. *Rental value of land alone affords good percentage on entire outlay.*

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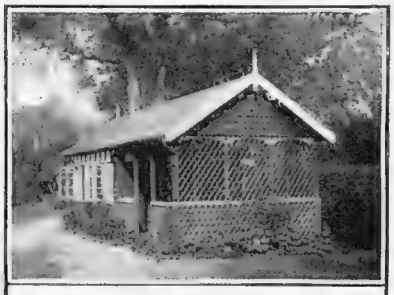

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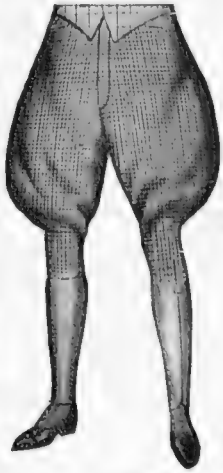

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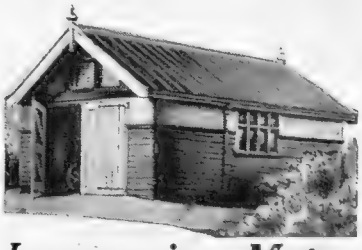

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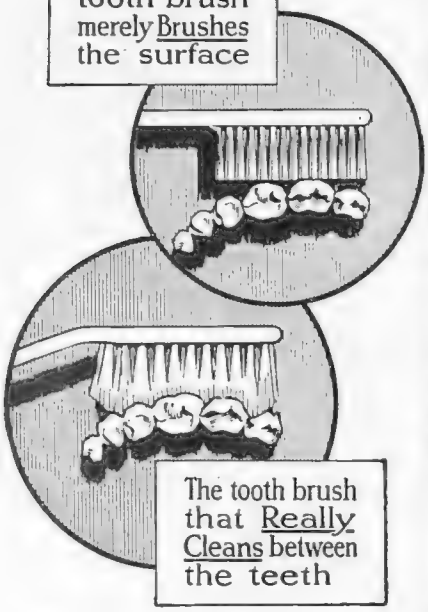

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Real Shetland Wool being warm, light, soft and fleecy, all undyed of natural colour is ideal for Ladies Knitted Sports Coats, Stockings, Tam O'Shanters, Ties and the like — for Gentlemen, their Knitted Cardigans, Waistcoats, Stockings, Ties, etc, will give lasting satisfaction when this real Shetland Wool is used.

Per 2 oz. Hank **1/7** | *Post Free.* | Per lb. **12/6**

Shetland Wool, being the shortest clip from the neck and shoulders of Shetland Sheep is natural undyed wool and therefore best for all Sports Wear.

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PHOTO COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

(Full particulars on page 208)

Title of Photo.....

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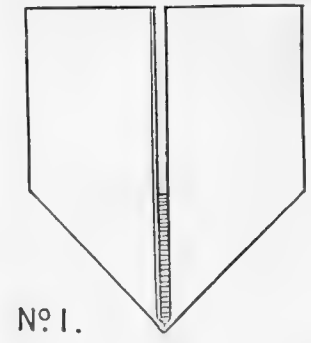
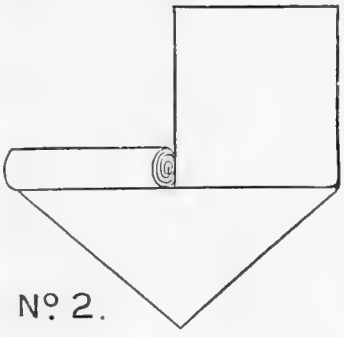
Cut this out and paste on back of photograph.

How to fold a Serviette.

THE COLLEGIAN



No. 1.



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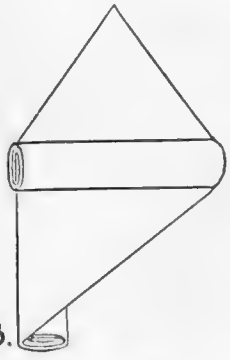

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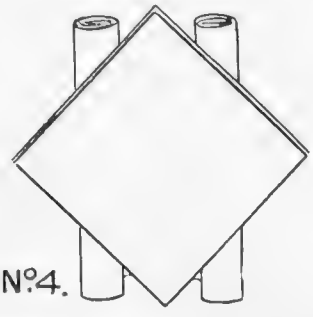

No. 4.

FOLD the serviette lengthwise into three, then fold over each side at the centre as diagram 1. Turn over the serviette and roll up both ends as diagram 2. Again turn over and fold the two rolls back that they may lie side by side as diagram 3. A final turn over gives the result shown in diagram 4.

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Pour contents of basin into cold water in the copper and stir until all the OMO is completely dissolved. Then put in the clothes and bring slowly to the boil, following complete directions on packet.

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BC 121

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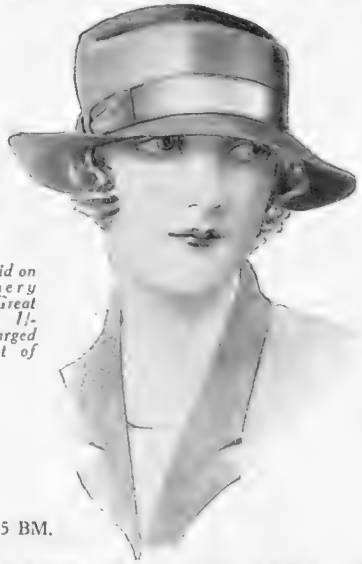

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For the most part these stuffs are costly, for only fine materials hang as they should, in the required folds and draperies, and so express the costly simplicity that is the *flair* of the moment. Embroideries that do not interfere or mar the *ligne* are prevalent, broderies wrought in wool, silk, or the two mingled, *appliqués* of a contrasting material, ribbon, and beads of every imaginable size and character. There are even paper beads, ideally light of weight, and almost equally light are coloured wood sequins. Evening toilettes, especially of georgette, are to be seen encrusted with crystal bugles, iridescent glass beads, mock diamonds and other jewels.

The Uniform of the Moment

THERE is, perhaps, nothing more significantly smart just now than the three-piece suit. This may comprise a little all-in-one frock of one material and a coat of another, or a skirt and coat *ensuite*, the coat lined with a contrast to match some dainty *casaquin* blouse or amusing dressmaker's jumper. It may be fashioned of blister satin, rajah cloth—the which is a sort of wool-back satin—or *marocain* for smarter wear, and of *kasha*, *velour de laine*, gabardine, rep cloth or serge for stouter, more everyday service. But, simple or ornate, the three-piece suit is a possession no self-respecting *élégante* can afford to ignore, and she has a particularly representative example in the original model here illustrated. As the vogue for browns, they say, is waning, this is visioned in an olive-green wool fabric, the plain skirt surmounted by a short, straight coatee, to which a long and slightly pouched waist is imparted by a threaded belt. The back of the coat is mounted with a suspicion of fulness on to a short yoke, while the cross-over fronts and cuffs are lavishly embroidered in an Eastern design. A shawl-shaped collar of moleskin add a luxurious note, that is again repeated on the deep, important-looking cuffs.

Throughout there is carried a lining of heavy-weight pale mole-grey georgette, a note of contrast charmingly emphasised in the accompanying *casaquin*, the front of which is finely tucked, as are also the inside of the long sleeves below the bend of the elbow. The effect obtained by this light, frivolous upper part, when the coat is removed, is indescribably attractive, and you may see its like any day at a smart luncheon-party or at tea, where fashion and beauty meet.

Quick Work

UP to Saturday, January 13, the stupendous business, accentuated by a clearance sale, was carried on by Messrs. Peter Robinson in the old portion of their well-known premises at Oxford Circus, during rebuilding operations, when the premises were vacated and handed over to the builders.

The transference to the completed portion of the firm's new premises was a very triumph of expeditiousness. Although unperceived by the public, certain departments and offices had been quietly removed prior to the closing of the doors on Saturday, but the great push took place after one o'clock on the 13th, when directors, managers, buyers, assistants, clerks and porters all put their shoulders to the wheel, with the result that by midnight the removal was complete to the last detail. An interesting fact is that the site now remaining to be cleared and rebuilt includes the original shop in which Mr. Peter Robinson commenced business in 1833 and the old "Crystal Bazaar."

A Gift Toilet Luxury

FASTIDIOUSNESS in soap is a veritable fetish these days, an obsession that is widely pandered to by ladies' clubs and the big hotels. We have all, of a fact, grown very cultured in the quality of soaps, demanding, and very rightly, purity, freedom from grease, and a softening emollient for the skin, essentials that are all embodied in "Santalette," a production of H. Bronnley and Co., and obtainable at all chemists and stores. During the month, Messrs. Bronnley are arranging with the latter to present a free gift of a sixpenny tablet of

A STRIKING THREE-PIECE SUIT

In olive-green wool material, the coat embroidered in Eastern design and trimmed moleskin. It is lined pale mole-grey georgette to match the accompanying casaquin

"Santalette" to all purchasers of a bottle of the firm's famed "Ess Viotto" for the hands—a simple and expeditious way of making generally known an exceedingly superfine article for toilet use, which, in conjunction with "Ess Viotto," practically guarantees soft lily-white hands, delightfully perfumed, moreover, with essence of violets.

Spring Millinery

THERE will be little evidence of the really large hat for some months to come. The majority of the new early spring models are of the toque or swathed turban order, with here and there a moderate brimmed *chapeau*, quaintly twisted or turned up to achieve some coquettish angle. Much amusing play is made with bows, outstanding ears of the hat material, and long soft, tail feathers of the pheasant. Bows may stand upright, lie flat, be posed at a sharp angle, or spread themselves across the summit of a small shape. Reversible ribbon is in great request for these, especially in black and white, and the tiny *yashmak* veil is a good deal seen. It is extraordinary how happy this short veiling of the eyes is to some faces, and how curiously it vulgarises others. But it is always provocative, as may be judged by its appearance on the model shown on the topmost head of the adjoined group, a scheme that is effected in white *marocain*, with bows of chestnut-coloured ribbon velvet. And oh! the millinery skill that is exemplified in the fashioning of such bows. No prentice hand is ever responsible for their cunning folds and firmness.

EARLY SPRING MILLINERY

A toque of swathed white marocain with bows of chestnut-coloured velvet is shown on the left. The larger model is of black panne trimmed with ostrich feathers in tone or some attractive contrast

Of strained black satin or *panne* is the larger model, the brim swept up from the face at a sloping angle, the falling side accentuated by an ostrich feather curling from beneath, and balanced at the other by a similar feather mounted at the base of the crown, decorations that may either tone in with the hat, or pick up the colour of the accompanying dress.

A Pretty Pocket Calendar

ALWAYS in sight, always in mind. Was this the thought, one wonders, that prompted M. Emile, 24-25, Conduit Street, W., to proffer to all the readers of THE BYSTANDER who apply for it a dainty little pocket calendar? But whatever the cause, the result is charming. This small booklet that warns us of the march of Time is just the right size to slip into a pocket or purse, and got up in an Adams design in pale mauve and

(*Continued on page xii*)

Get through the DANGER MONTHS without illness BUILD UP ON ROBOLEINE

Recommended by Doctors and used by the great sanatoria for the past 15 years.

YOUR CHEMIST HAS ROBOLEINE OR CAN GET IT FOR YOU QUICKLY. ASK HIM. 2/-, 3/6 and 6/-.

Write for Free Sample and Literature Post Free.

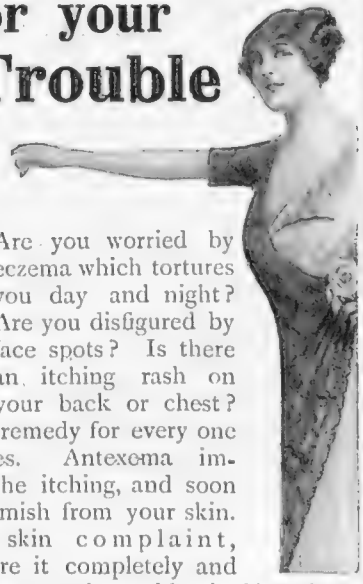
ROBOLEINE is a delicious food, every particle of which is concentrated nourishment. It is a reconstructive tonic food, not a patent medicine, but the essence of Red Marrow, 'Cream of Malt,' Egg Yolk and Neutralized Lemon Juice. Therefore, it is the richest in vital principles of any natural or combined food in existence containing the three vitamins at present known to science.

If you are not feeling in good health every day, you are in a condition which invites the attacks of common Winter ailments which often turn to serious illness. The sane and logical thing to do is to BUILD UP on Roboleine.

No matter your age or whether you are now in good health or 'below par,' do not neglect to fortify your system during the DANGER MONTHS—January, February and March.

Sole Manufacturers:
Oppenheimer, Son & Company, Ltd.,
179, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4

That's what You want for your Skin Trouble



Are you worried by eczema which tortures you day and night? Are you disfigured by face spots? Is there an itching rash on your back or chest? There's a certain remedy for every one of these troubles. Antexema immediately stops the itching, and soon removes every blemish from your skin. Whatever your skin complaint, Antexema will cure it completely and permanently. Eczema, scalp troubles, bad legs, bad hands, baby skin troubles, pimples, chaps, chilblains, rashes, and all irritated, inflamed or diseased skin conditions are conquered by Antexema.

Antexema cures every skin illness

Antexema is supplied by all Chemists and Stores everywhere. Also of Boots', Harrods', Selfridges', Whiteleys', Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis & Burrows' at 3/- and 1/3, the larger size being the more economical; or post free direct 3/- and 1/6 from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. 1. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and Africa.

WONDERFUL VALUE IN RICH SATIN TEA FROCKS FOR YOUNG LADIES

This attractive Tea Frock is adapted from one of the newest Paris models, and is made by our own workers from rich quality satin. It is designed after the early Victorian period, and the hip line is exaggerated to give extra fulness. This Tea Frock is particularly suitable for young ladies, and at the price quoted is of exceptional value.

FASHIONABLE TEA FROCK (as sketch) in rich quality satin, full skirt with new waisted bodice, finished with fine binding at neck, sleeves and waistline, hip line slightly exaggerated to give extra fulness, bow and ends from right shoulder. In Grey, Powder, Mauve, Cyclamen, Hyacinth, Jade, Ivory, Pink, Rose, Black, Navy, Nigger, Tan, Beige, Purple, Prune, and Emerald, &c.

SPECIAL PRICE

63/-

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Jay HAT

The WOBURN Model

The finest pedal straw contributes to the success of this alluring model. The double plaited vulture quills soften the front becomingly. Obtainable in all the fashionable colours.

Jay Hats are distinguished by a small label inside—a picture of a Jay. The best milliners everywhere have a Jay Hat to suit you.

JAY HATS

The essence of refinement

If you have any difficulty in obtaining a Jay Hat, write direct to

Victor Jay & Co., 12 Wood Street E.C.2

Norma Shearer

That Subtle Something

IF there is anything in the world which possesses that Oriental, elusive, mysterious, evanescent, impalpable, will-o'-the-wisp quality known as *That Subtle Something* it is a Necklace of Técla Pearls.

In fact, there is only one other thing in the world which has that particular and peculiar quality, and that is a Necklace of Oriental Pearls !

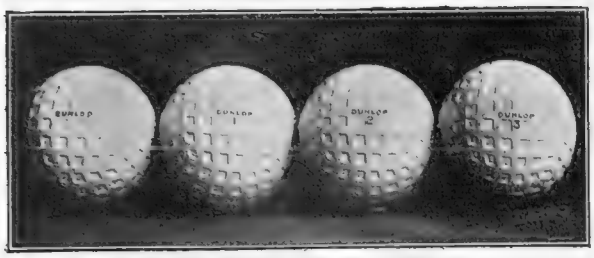
TÉCLA PEARL NECKLACES with genuine Diamond Clasps, from 10 guineas

Técla

7 Old Bond Street London

10 Rue de la Paix, Paris
16 Avenue de Verdun, Nice
398 Fifth Avenue, New York

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)



FORETHOUGHT FOR FOURSOMES

The new Dunlop Golf Balls are now being numbered as shown in our illustration, each box of 12 containing 9 balls thus identified by the numbers 1, 2, and 3. Alas! there'll be no possible excuse now for claiming that long ball which your opponent drove from the 4th tee

green on a white ground. Anyway, as a greeting for the New Year, M. Emile could not possibly have thought out a more gracious and characteristic offering.

From Our Financial Correspondent

Somebody once said something about straws being a sort of weather-vane, or words to that effect. And there are certain straws which point to the financial trade winds—like the Dollar exchange, and the Bank Rate, and other boring and equally confused details on which one's stockbroker is wont to enlarge at great length. But among the signs and portents more easily understood and appreciated, one stands out marked and italicised—"*Ciro Pearls have opened a branch at 44, Cheapside, E.C. 2.*" And if accounts are to be believed, it is a sight for sore eyes to see the crowds of "buyers" who are transferring their attention from the floor of the "House" to the delicate business of buying Ciro necklaces for their own—and other men's—womenfolk.

More Shop Rebuilding

In view of the extraordinary development of their business, Harvey Nichols have found it necessary to rebuild a large portion of their present premises, and to acquire the adjoining property for extension. Although unnoticed by the public this is actually in operation, and means that more than ordinary importance accrues to their January sale because of the great number of goods which are being cleared to prevent their spoiling. More particularly does this wholesale clearance apply to furniture and carpets, where wonderful bargains in Oriental carpets and Japanese fabrics are available.

Lucky Prize-winners

Messrs. Barker and Dobson's (the well-known makers of Viking chocolates), have sent us a list of the prize-winners in their "May She Ask Him In?" advertisement competition, details of which were announced in our issue of November 15. First prize (one £2 2*s.* round box chocolates): Miss Helena Guld, Convent of Notre Dame, Secondary School, Blackburn. Second prize (one £1 1*s.* fancy box chocolates): Miss C. M. Bindloss, Pill Creek, near Truro, S. Cornwall. Third prize (one 10*s.* 6*d.* Andremi box chocolates): Mrs. M. L. Channing, 36, Upper Grosvenor Road, Handsworth, Birmingham. Fourth prize (one 5*s.* New Viking box chocolates): Miss Marion Chappell, Dipley, Winchfield, Hants. In addition to the above thirty consolation prizes were given.

YESTERDAY—IN THE LIGHT OF TO-DAY

Devonshire House at night. This photo was taken by the light of the new Dissolved Acetylene Flares (erected by Allen-Liversidge, Ltd.) which illuminate the entrance and grounds of this historic seat

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

IN TWO QUALITIES—

SPORTSMAN'S (Dry), QUEEN'S (Sweet

The combination of fine old Brandy and matured juice of the English Morella Cherry makes GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY unquestionably one of the most wholesome and delicious Liqueurs in the World.

It is essential that you should ask for GRANT'S and see that you obtain GRANT'S MORELLA. A good way to remember this is to memorise—

WELCOME ALWAYS, KEEP IT HANDY
GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

Sold in Bottles and Half Bottles.

From all leading wine merchants, Hotels, Restaurants, etc. *The Distillery Maidstone.*

Nothing

is more annoying than the cheap, inferior laces—as often as not of continental make—that fray and soon look shabby, break quickly and lose their tags.

But why buy them? The finest laces in the world are made by Paton's of Johnstone, Scotland—laces with hundreds of threads in each to give strength; patent fast tags guaranteed not to come off, to prevent annoyance; the best quality dyes used to ensure permanent smartness; and, strangely enough, Paton's Laces don't readily become untied. Try them.

PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

are sold by all Bootmakers and Repairers, and all you have to do is to ask for them by name.

WM. PATON, Ltd., Johnstone, SCOTLAND.

Himrod's Asthma Cure

If you suffer from *Asthma, Catarrh or Ordinary Colds.* Buy a tin today at your chemists.

4s. 6d. a tin

Exide STARTING BATTERIES.

A SURE START ASSURED.

219/229, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

All the News in a Nutshell in the DAILY GRAPHIC The Perfect Picture Paper

THE BRITISH BERKEFELD FILTER

Filter Cylinder

SARDINIA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

BURBERRYS' 1923 SALE

BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON

MEN'S and WOMEN'S Weatherproofs, Overcoats, Suits and Gowns at or about

HALF TRUE VALUE

Full List of Sale Bargains Post Free.

TO-DAY and Daily during January

Hubby also knows

the value of Pond's Vanishing Cream in maintaining the skin in a fresh and healthy condition; he knows that, after shaving, his skin is tender and liable to become chapped and sore, and therefore he protects it by applying a little Pond's Vanishing Cream.

A woman's skin is normally in this tender and susceptible state, and it is partly as a protection against weather effects and partly as a complexion-beautifier that she regularly uses Pond's Vanishing Cream, applying it before going out of doors and at intervals as the skin requires it.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is a non-greasy product which disappears instantly after application, leaving only a faint trace of Jacqueminot Rose perfume.

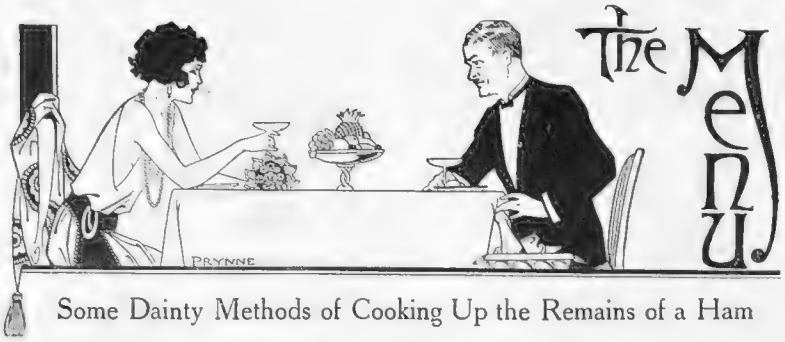
In conjunction with this use *Pond's Cold Cream* before retiring. Its action is to cleanse the pores, and to supplement the influence of the Vanishing Cream in developing the beauty and health of the complexion. *Use these two Creams regularly*—the one to freshen and protect the complexion, the other to cleanse the skin and keep it supple. Every normal skin needs two creams—each with its special purposes—each cream made on an entirely different base, for no one cream can serve such widely different needs.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN"

Both Creams of all Chemists and Stores in handsome opal jars, 1/3 and 2/6; also collapsible tubes, 7½d. (handbag size) and 1/-.

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept 101), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1

Pond's Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream



Some Dainty Methods of Cooking Up the Remains of a Ham

Savoury Ham Creams

Cut up 6 ozs. of lean cooked ham, 2 ozs. of cooked tongue, and pass both through the mincing machine. Then add half a pint of thick white sauce, two small ripe tomatoes and one dessertspoonful of Indian chutney. Add seasoning to taste. Rub through a sieve. Mask some small moulds with aspic jelly, dissolve ½ oz. of gelatine in remainder of jelly and strain into the prepared mixture, stir well, and fill the moulds. When set, turn out and serve.

Ham Toast

Grate and pound some cold ham, or pass it through the mincing machine. Put it into a stew-pan with a beaten-up egg, one tomato, a small piece of butter and a little cream or milk, season with pepper and a good pinch of dry mustard. Stir till it is thick. Serve on buttered toast. This makes a nice savoury.

Ham and Macaroni

Boil ½ lb. of macaroni, and let it get cold. Cut it into inch lengths. Mince ½ lb. of ham, and chop up one large onion. Put at the bottom of a pie-dish a layer of ham, seasoned with pepper and minced parsley, then a layer of macaroni, on which sprinkle some chopped onion and 1 oz. of butter cut into small pieces. Continue putting more ham, macaroni, etc., in layers until the dish is filled, and then add a layer of white bread-crumbs, some more pieces of butter and a little white sauce. Bake in a moderately hot oven until the top is nicely browned.

Ham Cake

A capital way of disposing of the remains of a ham and making an excellent dish for breakfast is to take 1½ lbs. of ham, fat and lean together, and pass it through a mincing machine. Soak a large slice of bread in half a pint of milk, and beat it and the ham well together; add one egg beaten up. Put the whole into a mould, and bake a rich brown.

Beignets of Ham

The batter necessary for these is made as follows: Dissolve 1 oz. of butter in 2 ozs. of water, add 1½ ozs. of flour, and mix well together over the fire, remove it, and mix in one after the other three eggs, a pinch of salt, cayenne and ¼ lb. of finely grated ham. Have ready a stew-pan of hot lard or clarified fat; throw in the batter in small tablespoons at a time and let them fry a nice brown. They take about ten minutes to fry and expand to six times the size. Dish up and serve very hot. (N.B.—2 ozs. of water is four tablespoons.)

Potted Ham

Put about 1 lb. of ham through the mincing-machine (it requires to be done twice), and when perfectly smooth beat it well together with a wooden spoon, with ½ lb. of butter, adding it gradually. Then stir in a teaspoonful of mace, half a grated nutmeg and a little cayenne pepper. When thoroughly well mixed press it into small pans, and pour clarified butter over the top. If kept in a cool dry place this potted meat will keep good for a fortnight, and is very nice for sandwiches for afternoon tea. Less butter will be required if some of the ham fat is used in potting the meat.

EMILIA

Maison Lyons Chocolates

TO most lovers of fine sweetmeats, a "standard" box of Maison Lyons Chocolates represents perfection. Should you, on the other hand, have a preference for some particular variety—hard centres, cream, or marzipan centres, etc.,—so great is the variety Maison Lyons Chocolates offer, that you can still obtain a wide assortment of the kind you like best. Maison Lyons Chocolates have attained their present popularity by their delicate flavour and high quality. Try just half-a-pound box, compare the smooth coverings and delicately flavoured centres, and you will understand why.

4/- lb.

Dainty Gift Boxes

The "CREST" Box Specially selected Chocolates in a dainty ribboned box. Large Box 6/- Small Box 3/-

"RED SEAL" Box Three distinct varieties—"hard," "soft" and "assorted" centres. Large Box 5/- Small Box 2/6

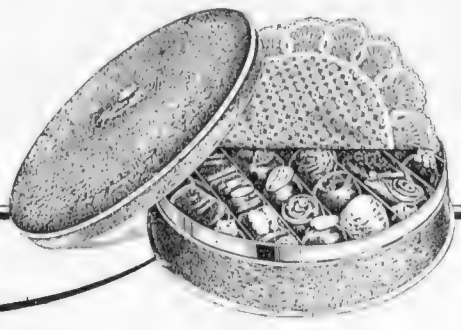
LEATHERETTE BOX (as illustrated) **16/6**

Sold in the Salons at the

Maisons Lyons & Corner Houses

and by most

HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERS
THEATRES AND CINEMAS



J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., London, W.

She Found a Pleasant Way to Reduce Her Fat.

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used Marmola Prescription Tablets, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that Marmola Prescription Tablets give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by chemists everywhere at 3/- a packet, or you can secure them direct from the

MARMOLA COMPANY,
(Dept. 107), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. 1.

DINNER & DANCE
7/6
Every Friday & Saturday
From 8 to 12 p.m.
AT THE
Hotel-Restaurant
BELGRAVIA
VICTORIA.

Chivers' Olde English Marmalade
"The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table"

Take your partners for supper!

At parties, when supper-time comes, the wonder dish is

BIRD'S Blanc-Mange

Youngsters and grown-ups alike love this cool, creamy mould, for Bird's Blanc-Mange melts in the mouth like a snowflake. Raspberry and Vanilla flavors, with their pink and white — not forgetting also Chocolate and Lemon—make the table so gay.

B.276

Tel: 25 Broxbourne

LT.-COL. RICHARDSON'S AIREDALES
SPECIALLY TRAINED AGAINST
BURGLARS for
LADIES' GUARDS
From **10 Gns. PUPS 5 Gns.**
Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts.
30 mins. from Liverpool Street.

For
SUNSHINE IN WINTER
go to
ENGLAND'S SUNNY SOUTH

Bexhill	Hastings	Worthing
Bognor	Seaford	Tunbridge Wells
Brighton	Southsea	Littlehampton
Eastbourne	Hove	

Guides (stamp) of Town Clerks, Dept. S.C.17

MADAM **Barri**

TAILLEURS
GOWNS
LINGERIE
LAYETTE

BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT SHE HAS ACQUIRED THE BUSINESS OF

JOHN·SIMMONS AND SONS
OF
THE HAYMARKET

WHICH ON AND AFTER JANUARY 8. 1923. WILL BE CARRIED ON AT

33·NEW·BOND·ST·W·1.

For All Occasions

when tobacco will add enjoyment to your occupation, let it be Three Nuns.

Out-of-doors, Three Nuns burns evenly and the ash does not blow ; indoors, its fresh fragrance soothes and inspires.

The curious cut prevents dust and ensures a cool smoke to the last shred.

THREE NUNS
TOBACCO

Sold everywhere in the following packings —

2-oz. Tins, 2/4

1-oz. Packets, 1/2

2-oz. Packets, 2/4 ; 4-oz. Tins, 4/8

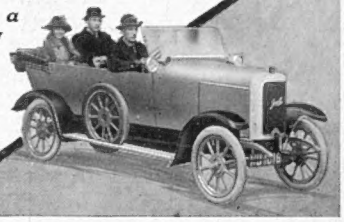
Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., St. Andrew Sq., Glasgow.

THREE NUNS
CIGARETTES
of
Pure Virginia Tobacco
10 *for* **6D.**

744

The Jowett
The little engine with the big pull

The JOWETT Two-Seater is known as the roomiest on the Market. YES! but look at the Four-Seater. It is a REVELATION



THE Two-Seater JOWETT initiated the economy movement in 1910 and has demonstrated its power and reliability ever since. To-day the new four-seater JOWETT is as big a step forward in economical motoring as its predecessor was in 1910. It has a roomy body and will easily carry four adults at an average speed of 35 m.p.h., at a cost of ½d. per mile per person. May we send you a catalogue containing many interesting facts worth reading?

7 h.p. Four-Seater complete with dynamo lighting, five Dunlop wheels and cord tyres, speedometer, horn, beautifully upholstered in real leather, with black leather cloth hood and metal framed side curtains **£245**

7 h.p. Two-Seater as above, with roomy boot which holds three suit cases, tin of petrol, oil, and all tools **£220**

Double Dickey Seat £5 extra. Electric Starter on both models £15 extra

Write to Dept. L,
JOWETT CARS LTD., IDLE, BRADFORD H.P.

SPORTS — *Past and Present.*

"Out of doors" FOX'S PUTTEES are a first essential.

The most hygienic leg-covering, giving full weather protection—always neat and comfortable. The spiral fit and non-fray edges ensure their always smart appearance, and the super-quality material guarantees their long wear.

Regulation Heavy-weight, 9/- per pair.
Extra Fine Light-weight, 11/- per pair. Extra Fine Light Shade, 12/- per pair.
Ladies' Puttees: With Spats (detachable 1/- extra), 12/6 pair. Without Spats, 7/6

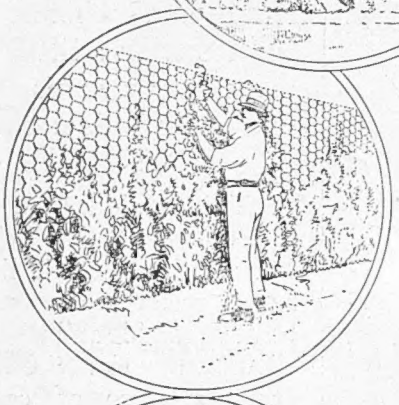
CAUTION.—See that the name 'FOX' is on the metal discs (right and left), attached to every genuine pair of FOX'S New Non-Fray Spiral Puttees.

Patentees and Sole Manufacturers :
FOX BROS. & CO., Ltd. (Dept. V), **Wellington, Somerset.**
Agents for United States :
The Manley & Johnson Corporation, 260, West Broadway, New York.

"F.I.P."—Fox's Improved Puttees. "Non-Fray Spiral."

FOX'S F.I.P. PUTTEES

Made in various colours and shades.



Have you discovered a new use for Wire Netting?

£100 in prizes for the best reply

WIRE NETTING is the handiest thing in the outdoor world.

It keeps the rabbits out of the cabbage patch, and keeps the deer in the ducal park.

It separates the chickens from the fox, and keeps the marauding dog out of the ducks' enclosure.

It provides a place for everything, and keeps everything in its place.

But lots of ingenious people have found ways of making use of Wire Netting from ideas of their own. In many a garden sweet peas wind their tendrils about the strands of a Wire Netting fence, and scarlet runners bloom and bear from the same safe anchorage. Year after year on the walls of many a dwelling wistaria and clematis bloom and hold up their heads or droop their perfumed flowers from a screen of wire netting.

Overlaid with leaves of the palm, the War Office made roads of it out of Egypt across the desert of Sinai and drove motor lorries over them.

Planters in the East use Wire Netting screens for sifting tea.

But besides these many people have contrived other ingenious uses for Wire Netting that nobody else ever thought about. We want to hear about them.

If you are one of these ingenious people and have applied Wire Netting to some uncommon use, write and tell us all about it, and if you happen to have a photograph to illustrate it, send that along, too. We will give prizes for the best replies.

FIRST PRIZE £25

TEN prizes of £5
25 prizes of £1

Write clearly. Use only one side of the paper. Photographs or drawings will be returned if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope. The competition is open to all, and will remain open until Feb. 28th, 1923.

Replies will be judged by the Management, and their decision will be final. The Management reserve the right to publish or otherwise use any entry received.

Replies must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Secretary,

The BRITISH WIRE NETTING MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCN.
123 Colmore Row, Birmingham.

British Wire netting

A Tall, Spare Man

SUCH was GENERAL SIR DAVID DUNDAS, K.B., Commander-in-Chief, 1809-1811, and Colonel-in-Chief of "The Greys" —"a tall, spare man, crabbed and austere, and dry in his looks and demeanour."

So history writes him down, and more than a little odd, wherefore his juniors were a little apt to make merry at his expense and behind his back.

Less austere and crabbed he certainly would have been with a "GREYS" big cigarette between his sardonic lips, and better occupied they with the same agreeable and wholesome diversion. For "GREYS" bring a sense of ease and comfort, kindly thoughts and friendly dreams to a man how tired and disgruntled soever.

The "GREYS" cigarette gives a man time to think. 'Tis a real smoke—not a whiff —very pleasant and very wholesome.

The
"GREYS"
The BIG Cigarette with the Choice Flavour

Actual dimensions of a "GREYS" Cigarette.

20 for 1/5

50 for 3/6 100 for 7/-
Of High-class Tobacconists and Stores everywhere.
Also sold suitably packed for Export.

To Pipe Smokers
For a fragrant, cool-smoking mixture that "makes your pipe a better pal" you cannot better
"GREYS" SMOKING MIXTURE
1/- per OZ.

This reduced reproduction shows the famous pale green packet of 20 "Greys."

Manufactured by MAJOR DRAPKIN & CO., LONDON, Branch of The United Kingdom Tobacco Co., Ltd.

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